

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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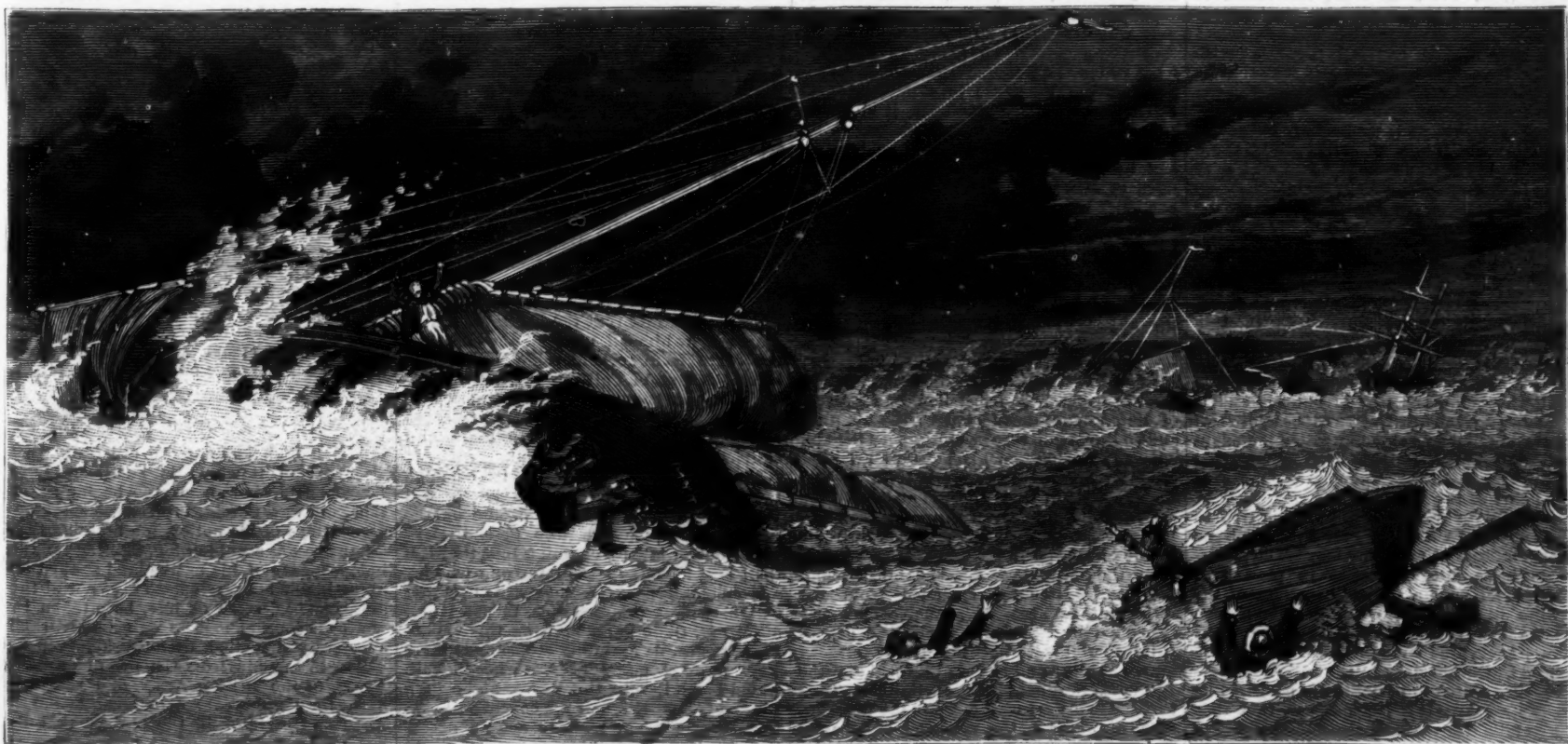
THE WIND SWEEPING DENSE CLOUDS OF SAND ACROSS REVERE BEACH, NEAR BOSTON, INTO THE BAY.



WRECKING OF VEHICLES ON THE ROAD, BETWEEN LYNN AND NAHANT.



THE TRACK OF THE STORM ON ELM STREET, NORTHAMPTON.



BAD FATE OF THE DUNDON FAMILY—THE STRUGGLE IN THE WATER, AFTER THE CAPSIZING OF THE YACHT "MYRTLE," OFF EAST BOSTON POINT.

MASSACHUSETTS.—INCIDENTS OF THE GREAT STORM OF WEDNESDAY, JULY 16TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 363.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
NEW YORK, AUGUST 2, 1879.

CAUTION.

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THE CURRENCY ISSUE.

IT is well known to our readers that both the leading political parties of the country, in standing "upon the order of their going," and in seeking to put their best foot foremost in the coming canvass, are plainly held, at least for the nonce, in much provisional doubt and quandary. We have more than once referred to the devices by which it is supposed that the Democratic leaders would fain hide from public view the divisions of their party on the currency question, but this state of vacillation and indecision is not confined to the Democrats alone. The Republicans, too, are not entirely agreed among themselves as to the issue which they shall make predominant in the impending campaign. Hampered as they are, in States like Ohio, with a considerable body of retainers hanging upon their flanks, who make no secret of a recent longing for the flesh-pots of inflation, and disturbed as they are, in States like Maine, by a recalcitrant set of Independents who refuse to run with "the Republican machine," it has been hoped by leaders of the "stalwart" order, that a cure for all such weaknesses and defections may be found in making a fresh draught upon the surviving passions left by the war, especially since these passions have been fanned into a new flame by some fume and bluster in the recent proceedings of Congress.

Believing as we do that the "currency issue" will not down at the bidding of Democratic strategists or of Republican temporizers, we are glad to see it announced that Mr. Secretary Sherman has been selected by the Republican managers to strike the keynote of the Republican campaign in Maine as well as in Ohio, and in striking this keynote he at least will be sure to give no uncertain sound upon the question of honest money, as now placed in issue before the people. And it is not simply as the head of the Treasury Department, and as the successful financier of the present administration, that Mr. Sherman may be properly put forward as the expositor of the Republican faith in matters of currency and finance. It is through many hesitations and not a few *détours* that the Secretary has advanced to his present strong position upon these questions, and hence nobody should be more familiar than he with the captivating fallacies which still blind the minds of the Greenbackers, and which once were potent enough to obscure from his clear sight the vision of truth to which he has recently attained. If his present advanced position is a sufficient guarantee that he has left these fallacies behind him, it is none the less true that he has allowed some of them to remain in the recent publication of his financial and political speeches, as if to mark by buoys the points at which he went astray. With these buoys in his eye he should now be able to keep his party on the right tack.

For ourselves, we are free to avow the opinion that any attempt on the part of the Republican leaders to relegate the financial issue into the background will be a mistake only less capital than that of the Democratic politicians who have planted themselves on a wrong affirmative in this matter. It was a favorite maxim of Lord Bacon that "truth emerges sooner from error than confusion"—we have had occasion to quote the maxim before—and it would be a fresh illustration of the apothegm if the Republicans should weaken the financial truth that is in them by confounding it with panic cries that wake no response in the heart of the people.

The currency question, as submitted to the people of Ohio, presents a square issue which admits of no "dodging." The Democrats have not "dodged" in placing at their head such a typical exponent of the "Ohio idea" as General Ewing, a man whose "war record" is likely to make him impervious enough to all outcries inspired by the spectre of "the Solid South"—a spectre which is periodically conjured up by the "stalwart" Republicans that they may claim for themselves the monopoly of laying it.

It is a great misfortune that the "currency issue" should be embroiled in the strife of politics and be made the football

of party; but since it is so embroiled, it should be the aim of good patriots and of sound financiers to extricate it from such untoward entanglements at the earliest possible day. And it can be extricated only by a successful battle fought in defense of honest money, not for Ohio alone, but for the whole land. It so happens that, for the present, the State of Ohio is the Thermopylæ of the struggle, and the issues of the coming campaign are largely suspended on the more or less resolute stand that shall there be made by the champions of sound finance. It would indeed be a crying shame, and a weakness as well, if the Republicans, after having drifted into a right position on this subject, should now be found to have something less than the courage of their opinions on a matter of such profound concern.

In so arguing we do not frame our conclusions on simple calculations of political loss and gain. We consider only the loss or gain which must accrue to the whole country from the triumph of wrong or right opinions upon this topic. A blow struck for the right is a blow struck for the welfare of the whole country, though for the time being its political advantages may inure to the benefit of the party which has been selected to wield it. The Republicans of Ohio are fighting a critical battle not for themselves alone, but for the adherents of honest money in all parties and in all parts of the land. As such representatives it should be their aim and ambition to rise to the height of their position, lest, failing in this, they should let the victory for truth and right slip through their hands by betraying to popular contempt the slack hold they take on each.

THE BONAPARTES.

WHY is it that the choice of the bewildered Bonapartists of France is confined to Jerome, Napoleon, or his son Victor? To a large portion of them Jerome is hateful; and the Savoy blood that runs in Victor's veins—the blood of Victor Emmanuel, who deprived the Pope of his patrimony—alienates from him those Bonapartists who are also strong Ultramontanes. Whither have all the other heirs of the House of Bonaparte vanished, that another alternative, a third leader, cannot be found?

Charles Bonaparte, that rather impecunious and obscure Corsican noble from whom the family descends, was the father of eight children—five stalwart sons and three lovely daughters. The sons were Joseph, Napoleon, Lucien, Louis and Jerome; the daughters were Marie, Pauline and Caroline. Of these seven brothers and sisters of Napoleon, there are descendants of Lucien, Jerome, and the three sisters, still living. The lines of Joseph, Napoleon and Louis are extinct; Napoleon's by the death of the Duke of Reichstadt in 1830, and Louis's by the death of the young Prince who met his fate by the Zulu assegai. But two of the brothers of the Great Napoleon are still represented. One son, at least, of Lucien still lives; and four or five of his grandsons exist, among them Prince Charles Bonaparte and Cardinal Bonaparte. Of the stock of Jerome, Jerome Napoleon and his sons are the sole recognized male members; but a daughter, the Princess Matilda, the separated wife of the Russian Prince Demidoff, is still alive. Of all three of Napoleon's sisters, also, there exist several grandchildren.

It would seem at first sight, therefore, that there should be plenty of material from which the Bonapartists might choose a leader around whom to enthusiastically rally. Why is it, for instance, it might be asked, that Lucien's grandsons do not fill the bill? Lucien was older than Jerome, and indeed than Louis; and, failing the lines of Joseph, and of Napoleon himself, his heirs would be the natural successors to the bee-bespangled robe of the Empire. The reason why Lucien's heirs are not considered is, that Napoleon deliberately excluded his next younger brother and his children from the succession. Lucien was the ablest of his brothers; he married against Napoleon's autocratic will; he refused to repudiate his wife, as his brother Jerome had done, when so commanded by the imperious Napoleon; he became a sort of Republican, disaffected to the Empire, and so Napoleon, through his puppet Senate, deprived Lucien and his heirs of all hope of ever reaching the Imperial throne. The Bonapartists of to-day cannot go behind the action of the founder of the dynasty, hence Lucien's grandsons must still suck their thumbs in obscurity.

By the Salic law, descendants through the female line are excluded from the throne of France. This ancient law was respected by Napoleon; hence the grandchildren of his three beautiful sisters—of Marie Murat, the Princess Bajecchi and the Princess Borghese—are ineligible. Thus the choice is narrowed down to the descendants of Jerome, the youngest of Charles Bonaparte's children. It is confined, indeed, to yet closer limits; for Jerome Bonaparte has descendants of older birth than Jerome Napoleon. Of the fruit of

his first marriage with Betsy Patterson, of Baltimore, there are stalwart descendants in our midst. But that marriage was annulled, and the children and grandchildren of Madame Patterson-Bonaparte are just as effectually excluded from the Imperialist succession as are those of Lucien and of Napoleon's sisters.

The cause of Imperialism seems desperate to-day, as it did after the death of the Duke of Reichstadt, for want of a head under whose lead the friends of the Napoleonic tradition may all unite. It may, like the two Napoleons' own flesh and blood, become extinct; or there may arise, in the future, another Bonaparte like the third Napoleon, a bold conspirator, a conspicuous personality, a man of ambition without scruple and of nerve without a quiver, who will revive the dormant cause, and again establish the Empire on the foundations of a third ruined Republic.

MURDER FOR LOVE.

THE emotions have always been a strong factor in the commission of crime. A very large proportion of the robberies in all countries in all times have been perpetrated in order that the thief might present money, jewelry, or other valuables or luxuries to some third party not immediately implicated in the crime; while from the earliest historic ages murders have been committed for the gratification of illicit love. Such tragedies are not at all peculiar, and there is no occasion for surprise, or even remark, in the fact that nearly half the murders of the present day have their origin and source in what is called affection.

But the criminal records of this time do disclose an increase of a class of murders which, if they are not entirely new, are at least so novel and difficult to deal with as to require careful attention and treatment. We allude to those murders which are committed on account of an alleged regard for the victim. This crime is not quite a new invention, and its chief peculiarity is that it sometimes seems a benevolent deed. Mothers have often slain their daughters to protect them from outrage and degradation, and fathers have sometimes resorted to the same tragic deliverance, like Virginius before the Roman Dictator, Appius Claudius. No parent would probably be hanged for murder for taking the life of a child in such a dire extremity; but from this the procession of emotional murders shades off rapidly into doubtful ground. A woman in Chicago who slew her daughter to prevent her from living a life of shame was sent to the penitentiary for a term of years; and a man near Liverpool who killed his wife to save her from a similar fate, and who thereupon confessed his deed and attempted to justify his action, has been hanged. Still other specimens of this class are further from the dividing line of right and wrong. In Wethersfield, Connecticut, nearly a hundred years ago, an affectionate, intelligent, hard-working man seized a razor one morning and took the lives of his wife and two beautiful young children, and then slew himself; and he left behind him a long and elaborate argument which he had drawn up in justification of the deed. He held that the family was his; that he was responsible for their happiness; that he loved them devotedly and could not see them suffer; that he was unable to lift them above want, and death would be a relief to them all. In Pocasset, Rhode Island, a man, apparently sane, recently killed his young daughter with great deliberation, because he felt that the Lord required the sacrifice for the sins of himself and his friends. A woman in Michigan—and all evidence shows that she was really a tender-hearted and loving mother—shot her little boy and killed him a short time ago, so that he would not "grow up bad." Her motives were not accepted in justification, and she is in jail. It is scarcely a week since a young man in Illinois killed a sister to whom he was devotedly attached, in order to keep her from marrying a young man of intemperate habits. The fact that the homicide immediately slew himself relieved the courts of the State from considerable embarrassment. A man in California killed his invalid wife at her own written request, "to put her out of misery," and then presented himself before the courts in tears and claimed acquittal and approval.

This sort of crime is getting too common by half. Psychology has its hands full without being called on to decide on the turpitude of persons who defend their violations of law by claiming that they kill their best friends in the interest of mercy and humanity. If A may kill B, either at B's request or otherwise, to put B out of misery, there is no limiting this violent benevolence. It certainly seems as if there were a good many people whose death would be no loss to themselves and a gain to society, but it is not yet considered safe to authorize every man to act as executioner. If real affection and a desire to preserve "the unities" shall be accepted as a justification of crime, we may as well adopt the morals and customs of the Java-

nese, who generally kill and bury their parents with great ceremony when they arrive at fifty or sixty years of age, and are no longer self-supporting. Then would earth be transformed to the heaven of the utilitarians; the old, the crippled and the sick could be killed off, and society could be reinforced and strengthened by "the survival of the fittest."

THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

A SIGNIFICANT indication of the revival of business, and the increased confidence and activity in mercantile circles, is furnished by the large reduction in the number of failures during the last six months. The circular of Dun, Barlow & Co., just issued, shows that during the period named the failures in the United States were 4,058 in number, against 5,825 for the first six months of 1878. The liabilities, in the same period of this year, were only \$65,000,000, against \$130,000,000 for the first six months of last year. The difference in favor of 1879 is, therefore, a reduction of 1,969 in the number of failures, while the liabilities show a decrease of \$65,000,000, one-half of what they were in 1878. The greatest number of failures in any one State was 509, in New York, and the next highest, 317, in Pennsylvania. There has been a marked reduction in the average indebtedness of each failure. Thus, the number of failures for 1876 were 9,092, representing liabilities to the amount of \$191,117,786, or an average of liabilities of \$21,020. In 1877, there were 8,872 failures, involving \$190,699,963 in liabilities, making an average of \$21,491. In 1878 the failures numbered 10,478, covering liabilities to the amount of \$234,383,132, or an average of \$22,369. Compared with the second quarter of 1878, the difference in favor of the last three months is most significant, showing a decrease of more than 900 failures, with a decline in liabilities of \$26,000,000 in a single quarter.

Commenting upon the facts presented in these statistics, the circular of Messrs. Dun, Barlow & Co., remarks:

"To show how completely reversed is the condition of trade, so far as indicated by these statistics, as compared with last year, we quote a sentence contained in our circular issued this day one year ago, referring to the failures of the first half of 1878: 'These figures of increase in failures and liabilities are of very grave import, for never before in an equal period in the history of the country have business misfortunes been so numerous, or aggregate an amount of loss by bad debts been so great.' To-day, in contradistinction to this gloomy picture, it is our great good fortune to say that never before in our experience in the compilation of these statistics has the decrease in mercantile casualties been so marked; in no previous period has the comparison of losses by bad debts been so favorable as at the present hour."

While the evidences of an improved condition of affairs in this country are thus multiplying on every side, the reports from Great Britain continue to represent a state of business depression almost without precedent. Heavy failures are reported almost daily; many manufacturing industries are at a standstill, and now a threatened partial failure of the crops is adding to the prevalent apprehensions of suffering and disaster. In consequence of the depression in Lancashire, large numbers of operatives are emigrating to America, and thousands of agriculturists would follow if they possessed the means to do so. Many Lancashire farmers, indeed, are already preparing to emigrate to Manitoba. The *Mark Lane Express*, in its last weekly review, thus states some of the depressing elements of the trade situation:

"Published statistics show that the movement for a reduction in the output is spreading in the cotton districts. In addition to the depression at Blackburn and Oldham, already reported, 450,000 spindles at Preston are stopped, out of an aggregate of 2,000,000. One-quarter of the looms at Preston are also stopped. At Accrington work is very irregular, particularly in the weaving department. Six thousand eight hundred spindles are idle in two mills, besides numerous other stoppages. In the Leigh district 123,000 spindles are working on short time, and 140,000 are stopped altogether. In the Huntington district 74,000 spindles and 1,100 looms are idle."

We may well deplore the depression of British industry, and the suffering which must inevitably follow the paralysis of so many interests, while gratefully acknowledging that kinder Providence which has extricated us from embarrassment, and planted our feet once more on solid ground.

WHO ARE THE ZULUS?

THE British press, more especially that part of it which is hostile to Lord Beaconsfield, has from the beginning of the Zulu war indulged in sentimental denunciations of his policy, maintaining that Cetawayo was a noble king, fighting for the independence of his native land against an unjustifiable aggression. This view of the question has, more or less, been taken by our own journals. The delusion will be effectually dispelled by a work just published in London from the pen of Captain Lucas, of the British Army, and who has been for many years a resident in South Africa. He states in the preface that he has been a careful student of the rise and progress of the Zulu kingdom, and that the historical facts are briefly these.

The founder of the Zulu kingdom was a

bloodthirsty and ambitious savage, named Chaka, who, hearing in 1813 from some shipwrecked English sailors of Napoleon the First, formed the insane design of rivaling the great Corsican conqueror. He had then just succeeded to the chieftainship of a petty tribe dwelling on the sea coast near the Tugela River, and as he subdued tribe after tribe, they were compelled to take the name of Zulu, which means in their language "heaven." That Chaka was a most remarkable savage, and had a great talent for war, is undoubted, since he invented what may be termed the Zulu Phalanx, and that peculiar method of fighting which proved so fatal to the British at Isandula. He saw with true Napoleonic instinct, that, owing to the scarcity of cover in Zululand, it was better to fight in the open ground in heavy masses. Some of these were forty deep. The attack commences at rifle range. The centre, then, is trained to give way as though in rapid retreat, the wings making off to the right and left. The enemy then naturally pushes off in pursuit. At a given signal the Zulus halt, and, wheeling, rush upon the foe with frightful yells, protecting themselves with their shields, and dealing death with their short assegais. Every soldier carries three or four throwing-assegais, but his chief reliance is the short, heavy-bladed assegais for close quarters. The officers march in the rear, and communicate their orders by swift runners trained for that purpose. In battle, the general with his staff seeks some rising ground, and keeps one of the oldest regiments as a reserve, as was the custom with Napoleon.

From 1813 to 1828 Chaka carried out his terrible policy, devastating adjacent countries, and forcing the inhabitants to acknowledge his rule. A more cruel monster never reigned even in Dahomey. His ferocity proved his ruin, for, hearing that his troops had suffered a defeat, he ordered the execution of two thousand of their wives, among whom were the wives of his two brothers, Dingana and Umlangane. These conspiring against him caused him to be murdered while he slept, on September 23d, 1828, in the fifteenth year of his reign. These two brothers then fought a duel to settle the succession, and Dingana having slain his rival, became King of the Zulus.

Dingana reigned from 1828 to 1840. He abandoned his brother Chaka's ambitious plan of conquering and annexing, but in violence and treachery he almost rivaled him. Inviting some seventy Dutch Boers to a banquet to talk over some disputed question, he ordered them to be massacred, and suddenly marching upon their settlement near Natal, murdered nearly seven hundred women, children and old men. The Dutch Boers made war upon this monster, and being joined by the tyrant's brother, Panda, with about 4,000 of the best Zulu troops, Dingana was defeated and put to death, Panda becoming king in his stead. Panda reigned thirty-two years, maintaining a peaceful policy, dying of old age in 1872, when he was succeeded by his son Cetawayo, who partakes more of his uncle's bloodthirstiness.

The Chaka family in some degree resembles that of Napoleon, whom the Zulu chief so longed to imitate, and the death of the Prince Imperial seems to give an interest to the resemblance.

EVENTS ABROAD.

IN England, the House of Lords having read the Irish University Bill the third time, it now descends to the House of Commons, where the Home Rulers will hold a Donnybrook Fair in its honor. It will be strange, indeed, if heads are not smashed over its clauses, as the Protestant Irish representatives will support it tooth and nail, while the Catholics will work every lever within Parliamentary usage to defeat it. The Bill relating to elections and corrupt practices at elections will not be considered this session. In the French Chamber, the Jesuit clauses in M. Jules Ferry's Education Bill are under fire, and we may expect volcanic eruptions that will dwarf even those of the red-hot Mount Etna.

The clause in poor "Lulu's" will in which he so gracefully thanks England for the shelter she afforded him, has caused a heart-throb all over the length and breadth of the land, and the movement to commemorate his life is assuming immense proportions. It is proposed not only that there shall be a statue in Westminster Abbey, but that some other memorial shall be built with the proceeds of the army subscription, whilst a charitable institution is also to be founded "in memoriam." The contributions of the British army will reach nearly \$250,000, the battery to which he was attached while at Woolwich subscribing \$5,000. Cardinal Manning preached the funeral sermon at Chislehurst on Sunday, in the presence of the Imperial family, saying that fat sensualist of sixty, whose refusal to visit the sorrow-stricken Empress has caused the feeling of indifference towards him to change to aversion and con-

tempt. He is the dog-in-the-manger representative of the Napoleon dynasty.

Russia has other troubles besides Nihilism. In one district cholera has made its appearance, while in another diphtheria is still committing terrible ravages, obliging the authorities to direct a universal fumigation of the dwellings and clothing of the peasantry. This epidemic is said to have raged more or less violently for a period of seven years, and to have "carried to the grave, in some districts, almost all of the rising generation." The protracted prevalence of this disease is no doubt largely due to the habits of the people and their habitual disregard of plain hygienic and sanitary laws.

In anticipation of possible dissensions among the Bonapartists, the members of the Orleans family in France are trying to arrive at an understanding as to the policy they shall pursue in order to most effectually advance their prospects. They are likely to have their labor for their pains, it scarcely being among the possibilities that any member of the Orleans family shall ever again rule in the country from which they were once banished, and to which they were permitted to return only by an act of popular complaisance.

In Central Asia the English rifle is doing deadly mischief, simply from the fact that it is English. The St. Petersburg *Gazette* repeats in circumstantial form the accusation which has been lately current in the Russian press that the Turcomans opposing General Layeff's expedition from the east shore of the Caspian Sea are armed with English rifles, received by the way of Herat from the British reserve supplies in Afghanistan, and the *Gazette* tauntingly asks in what light the English Government regards the traffic?

Centennials may retire for a thousand years or more, and enthusiastic committee-men hide their diminished heads before the celebration of the eighteenth Centennial of the destruction of Pompeii, to be held on the 25th of September next. A visit will be made to the principal monuments, and a special monster excavation will be "personally conducted," not by Mr. Cook, but by a noted Italian archaeologist. One can fancy with what delight Mr. Alma Tadema will make sketches, and Mr. Di Censola grub amongst the ruins where Pliny set his sandaled feet. What if Vesuvius, alive to the importance of the thing, were to indulge in an eruption? We are in a realistic age.

Roumania is courting destruction by her persistent refusal to recognize the rights of the Jews. We are no longer in the Middle Ages, when to torture a Hebrew meant so many shekels of gold, and the extraction of a Jew's tooth yielded a fortune. Austria, Russia and Turkey will not stand by with folded arms and see Roumania stand defiantly in the path of progress. Of course any coercion put upon this bellicose little State would lead to the renewed complication of Eastern affairs, and Roumania relies upon this. In the meantime public opinion should be strong enough to right the Jews, especially if conveyed by the lips of Benjamin Disraeli.

A circular from Rome addressed to bishops throughout the Catholic world calls upon them to promote a monster clerical pilgrimage to the Holy City for the next feast of the Epiphany. Turkey shows some signs of making concessions to Greece. M. de Lesseps now says that he expects to see the Darian Canal completed in five or six years. De Lesseps, by the way, has been appointed, with a number of engineers and Government officials, on a Commission to examine the project for uniting Algeria and Senegal to the Soudan, a province of Egypt, by railway. A Senatorial committee has also pronounced in favor of France taking an active part in opening up Central Africa. The petty little quarrel between Columbia and Brazil is about to be settled by arbitration. A diplomatic agent will be appointed to the court of Rio de Janeiro, and to this personage will fall the duty of causing the disputants to shake hands. The reports from Zululand indicate a probably early termination of the war, Cetawayo having made peace proposals. Sir Garnet Wolseley has assumed command of the British forces.

THE Attorney-General of New York decides that the new six per cent. interest law will not be operative until the first day of January next, and that the same penalties against usury will remain hereafter as now exist.

REPORTS made to the Treasury Department represent that as fine cod-fishing banks as exist anywhere in the world lie along the coast of Alaska, and that the fish, in quality and size, are equal to those caught off the Banks of Newfoundland. One report says that "the whole coast of Alaska, from Portland Canal in the south to the Polar Ocean in the north, embracing, including the islands, 26,000 miles of sea frontage, is one grand reservoir of fish, sufficient to employ thousands of men in supplying the demand constantly growing, and soon to increase immensely by the peopling of Washington Territory, Oregon and California, and the embryo States now upbuilding all

along the great continental highway from the West to the East, as well as the Sandwich Islands, China and Japan." If these reports are true, and there seems to be no reason to dispute them, there is certainly ample room for American enterprise in our own waters, without purchasing fishing privileges from Russia, as a cable dispatch intimates we are seeking to do.

ACCORDING to official statistics the reduction in the interest-bearing debt from the highest point, August 31st, 1865, to July 1st of this year, amounted to \$583,886,594, and the reduction in the annual interest charge when the present funding operations are completed (August 1st), will be \$67,203,919. The total debt has been reduced \$729,224,315, and the reduction under the present Administration is \$61,573,886.

AMONG other indications of the improving condition of affairs among the industrial classes, we may mention the fact that the business of savings banks in this and other States during the past six months has been unusually prosperous. In this State many of the banks show a considerable increase of deposits, and generally throughout the country it is believed that the savings of the working classes have been greater than for some years past.

Two members of the Cabinet—Secretary Sherman and Postmaster-General Key—are spending a brief vacation in New England. The latter gentleman moves about very quietly, being apparently intent on getting as much enjoyment as possible out of his play-spell, and keeping wholly clear of politics and politicians. Mr. Sherman, however, seems to have a steady eye on the main chance, and will, perhaps, lose no fair opportunity to promote his personal ambition.

It is wonderfully entertaining to read that, with the thermometer among the nineties, the American Philological Association listened, during its meeting at Newport last week, to the reading of papers on such lively subjects as the "Critical and Rhetorical Labors of Dionysius, of Halicarnassus," "Ideological Etymology," etc. We can conceive of nothing more refreshing in this torrid weather than this philological exercise, unless it be idling under the lee of an iceberg, or perusing, in the original, Dionysius's twenty books on "Roman Antiquities."

A JURY composed entirely of negroes was recently empaneled in Virginia for the trial of another negro who had murdered his grandmother. The evidence was conclusive, but the jury, following the example of many white juries in disregarding the testimony before them, returned a verdict of guilty of murder only in the second degree, and fixed the penalty at eighteen years imprisonment in the penitentiary. A jury of New York professionals, with all their knowledge of the niceties of criminal law, could not have done better than this.

COMPLETE returns to the Treasury show that the receipts for the last fiscal year were \$274,034,916. Estimating the population of the country at 46,000,000, it appears that the General Government in effect levies within a few cents of \$6 upon every man, woman and child in the land, or about \$40 to each family. Deducting the "poor whites" and negroes in the South who consume little that is taxed and nothing that is imported, and it is probably safe to say that the burden which is laid upon the average well-to-do people of the country, amounts, especially in the wealthier States, to fully \$8 per capita.

FIVE thousand and twenty houses in this city, visited week before last by the inspectors of the Board of Health, were found to be inhabited by 25,634 families. Many of the tenements are mere nests of fever and other diseases, and if contagious sickness should break out among them, a carnival of death would inevitably follow. The inspectors report that in many neighborhoods sanitary supervision can accomplish but little until the present buildings are removed and replaced by structures more in accordance with the requirements of public health. How long must the owners of these places be permitted to profit at the expense of the public safety?

THE yellow fever scare in Memphis has stimulated the authorities of Mississippi Valley towns and cities to the performance of a neglected duty, namely, the adoption of thorough precautions against the introduction and spread of disease. The National Board of Health is also employing all the authority at its command to secure a careful sanitary inspection of all places likely to be visited by the fever. The Board is of opinion that the disease is due to a specific, particular cause, which is capable of growth and reproduction, transportable, and may be destroyed by exposure to temperatures above 240 degrees Fahrenheit, or by chemical disinfectants of sufficient strength, if brought into immediate contact. The cases of yellow fever recently observed are considered as due to causes surviving from last year's epidemic, and not to recent importation from other countries. It follows that there is a liability to the appearance of other cases in places visited by the epidemic of last year, and that there is danger of the spread of the disease to the North and East if proper sanitary precautions shall be neglected. If the recent scare shall result in the adoption generally of such precautions, it will not have been altogether mischievous.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Domestic.

THE crops in Virginia and Georgia are suffering greatly from drought.

THE Wisconsin Greenbackers have nominated Colonel May for Governor.

A FIRE at the Brevoort Colliery, near Pottsville, Pa., July 15th, caused a loss of \$250,000.

SIX cadets of the Military Academy, West Point, have been dismissed for hazing.

HANLAN, the victorious Canadian oarsman, had a great popular welcome at Toronto, July 15th.

PITT's Agricultural Works in Buffalo, N. Y., was destroyed by fire July 16th, involving a loss of \$75,000.

A NEW JERSEY Sunday-school Assembly, attended by some 5,000 persons, was held at Ocean Grove last week.

THE convicted Mormon Elder, George Reynolds, has been transferred from the Nebraska Penitentiary to a prison near Salt Lake City.

THE New Hampshire House by a very large majority has indefinitely postponed the Bill for the abolition of capital punishment.

THE Duke of Argyll and his party, after a visit of two or three days in this city, during which they visited many points of interest, sailed for England July 16th.

PRESIDENT HAYES will spend nearly all of September at his home in Ohio, being compelled to quit the White House by the fear of malaria from the neighboring lowlands.

THE Boston Aldermen have authorized the Mayor to extend official courtesies to any members of the President's Cabinet who may visit the city during the present month.

THE Pennsylvania Democrats have nominated Mr. D. O. Barr for State Treasurer. The Greenbackers have nominated Mr. Peter Sutton, a wealthy farmer, for the same office.

THE Iowa Prohibitionists have nominated a ticket for State officers, headed by Professor G. T. Carpenter for Governor, who positively declines to accept his nomination.

THE new Bureau of Surveys has been fully organized, and intends to devote a year or two of special though not exclusive attention to the mineral lands of the United States.

THE Assembly Railroad Committee, which has been engaged in this city for some weeks in inquiring into railroad management, has adjourned to meet in Saratoga during the third week in August.

THE Oregon Railway and Navigation Company has executed a mortgage for \$6,000,000 to the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company of New York as trustees. The money will be used to extend the company's lines.

MR. CHRISTIAN ANDREW ZABRISKIE, one of the millionaires of the famous New York and New Jersey family of that name, was killed by an express train, July 16th, on the New Haven road, at Central Morrisania.

THE Lake George regatta closed on July 18th with a four oared contest between crews from Columbia, Wesleyan and Cornell Colleges, which was won by the former in 8 minutes 26 seconds, considered the best time in slack water on record.

CHASTINE COX was found guilty July 17th, in the Court of General Sessions in this city, of murder in the first degree in the Hull case, and sentenced to be hanged on the 29th of August. On the 19th a writ of error and a stay of proceedings were granted on application of his counsel, the writ being returnable October 6th.

THE steamer *State of Virginia*, which left New York for Glasgow on July 10th, ran aground on a sand-bank on the south side of Sable Island, two hundred miles from Halifax, in a dense fog, on the night of the 13th. All her passengers were landed safely except four women and five children, who were lost by the capsizing of a boat near shore. It is feared that the vessel will become a total wreck. Some of the cattle on board were saved.

FIVE new cases of yellow fever were reported in Memphis, July 17th, they being all in one house. The announcement created fresh alarm, and many people left the city. On the 18th, five other cases were reported and one death took place, making up to that date sixteen cases and seven deaths. On the 19th there were seven new cases and two deaths, and on the 20th ten cases and four deaths. These cases are said to dispel the sporadic theory. The inhabitants are leaving as fast as possible, the poor being sent away by the city authorities.

Foreign.

CHINA is said to be preparing for war with Russia.

THE deficit in the German Budget for 1878-79 is 6,257,821 marks.

THE Canadian four per cent. loan has been fully subscribed in London.

GENERAL GRANT reached Nagasaki, Japan, June 21st. He was welcomed as the guest of the nation.

ALARM is manifested in Germany at the schemes which are on foot to establish biennial sessions and secure appropriations for two years.

THE French Chamber of Deputies has voted urgency for the Bill excluding the religious element from the Superior Council of Education.

THE Empress Eugénie has issued an address, in which she publicly thanks the English people for their sympathy at the death of the Prince Imperial.

A PARIS paper announces that the Minister of the Interior will dismiss all the officials of his department who attended the Prince Imperial's funeral.

THE Turkish authorities having (July 13th) misused some officers of the United States ship *Quinnabaug*, the Turkish naval commander was compelled to formally apologize.

THE laws which empower the French Government to expel Jesuits from France have never been repealed, and it is believed that the Government will enforce them.

A DISPATCH from Callao says the Peruvian authorities there have forcibly removed the Chilean Envoy from on board of a British mail steamer, notwithstanding the protest of the captain.

MR. TENNANT, a Liberal, has been elected to the House of Commons from Glasgow without opposition in the place of Mr. Alexander Whitelaw, a Conservative, recently deceased.

IN accordance with a law passed by the French Senate and Chamber of Deputies, the Council of State, the last stronghold of the Reactionaries, has been remodelled by the appointment of twenty new members.

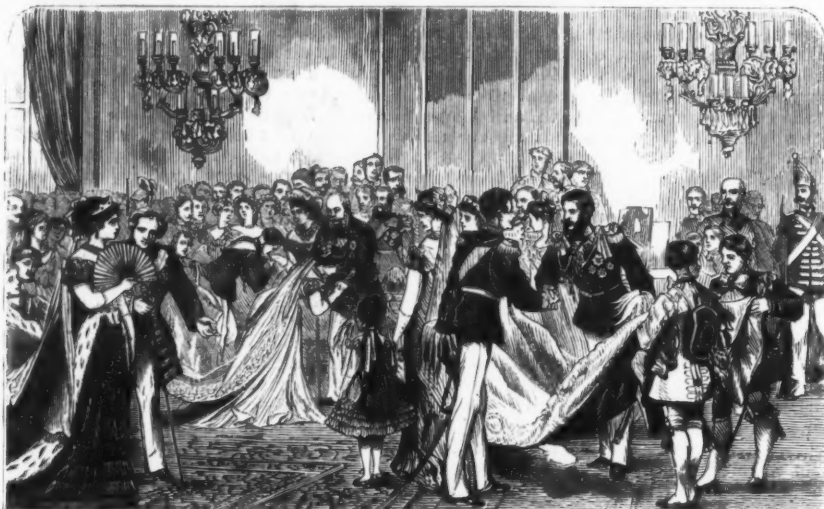
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 363.



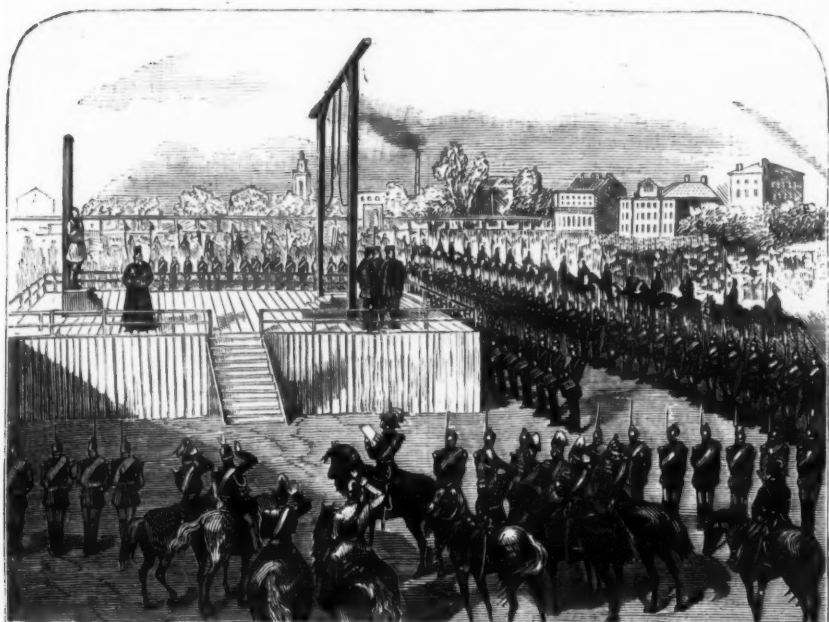
ENGLAND.—THE LATE PRINCE IMPERIAL — A SKETCH AT THE LODGE GATE, CHISELHURST.



GERMANY.—THE GOLDEN WEDDING — THE DRIVE FROM THE CHURCH TO THE CASTLE, BERLIN.



GERMANY.—THE GOLDEN WEDDING — RECEPTION IN THE WHITE SALOON OF THE CASTLE, BERLIN.



RUSSIA.—EXECUTION OF SOLOVIEFF ON THE PARADE-GROUND, ST. PETERSBURG.



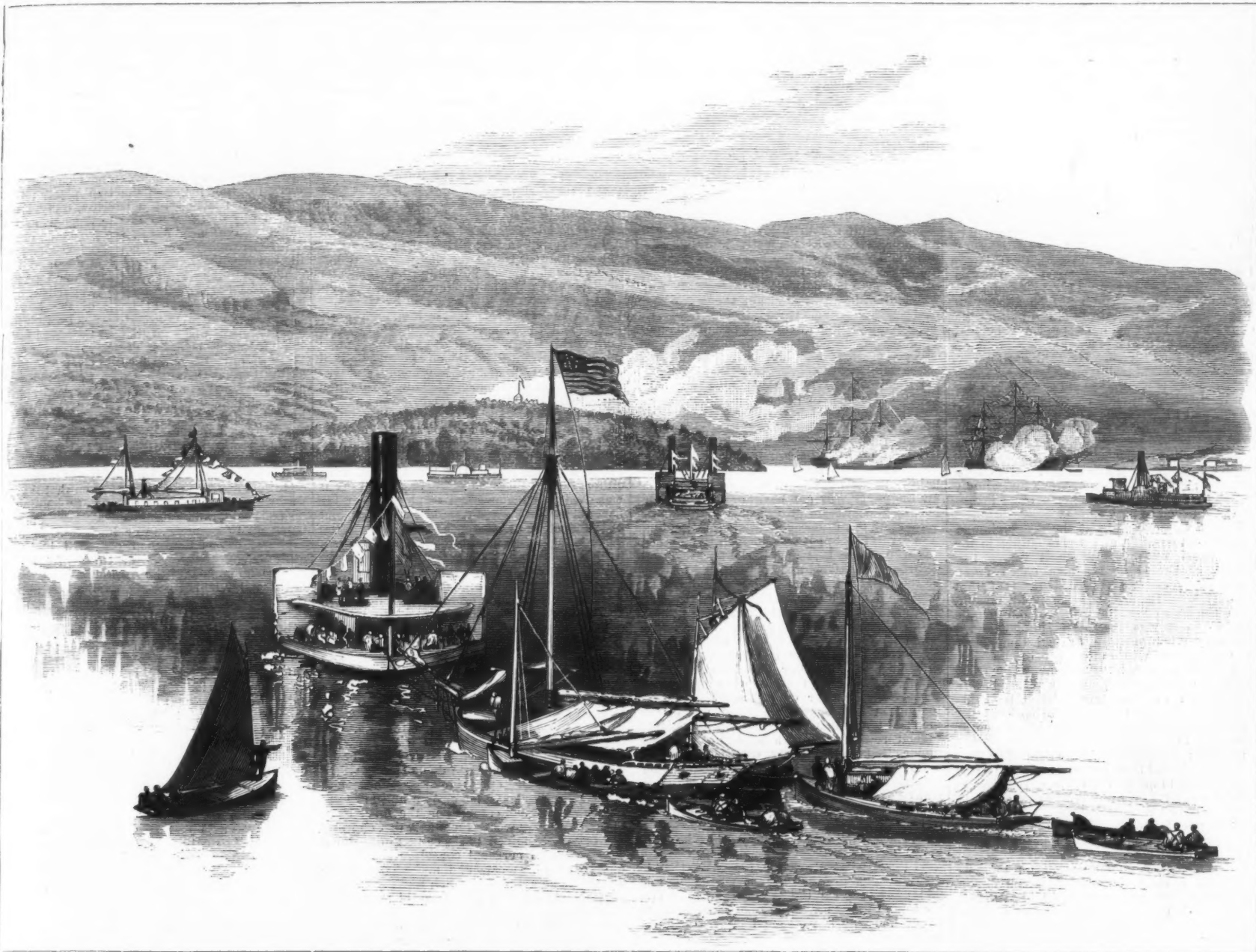
AFGHANISTAN.—THE AMEER SIGNING THE TREATY OF PEACE AT GUNDAMUK.



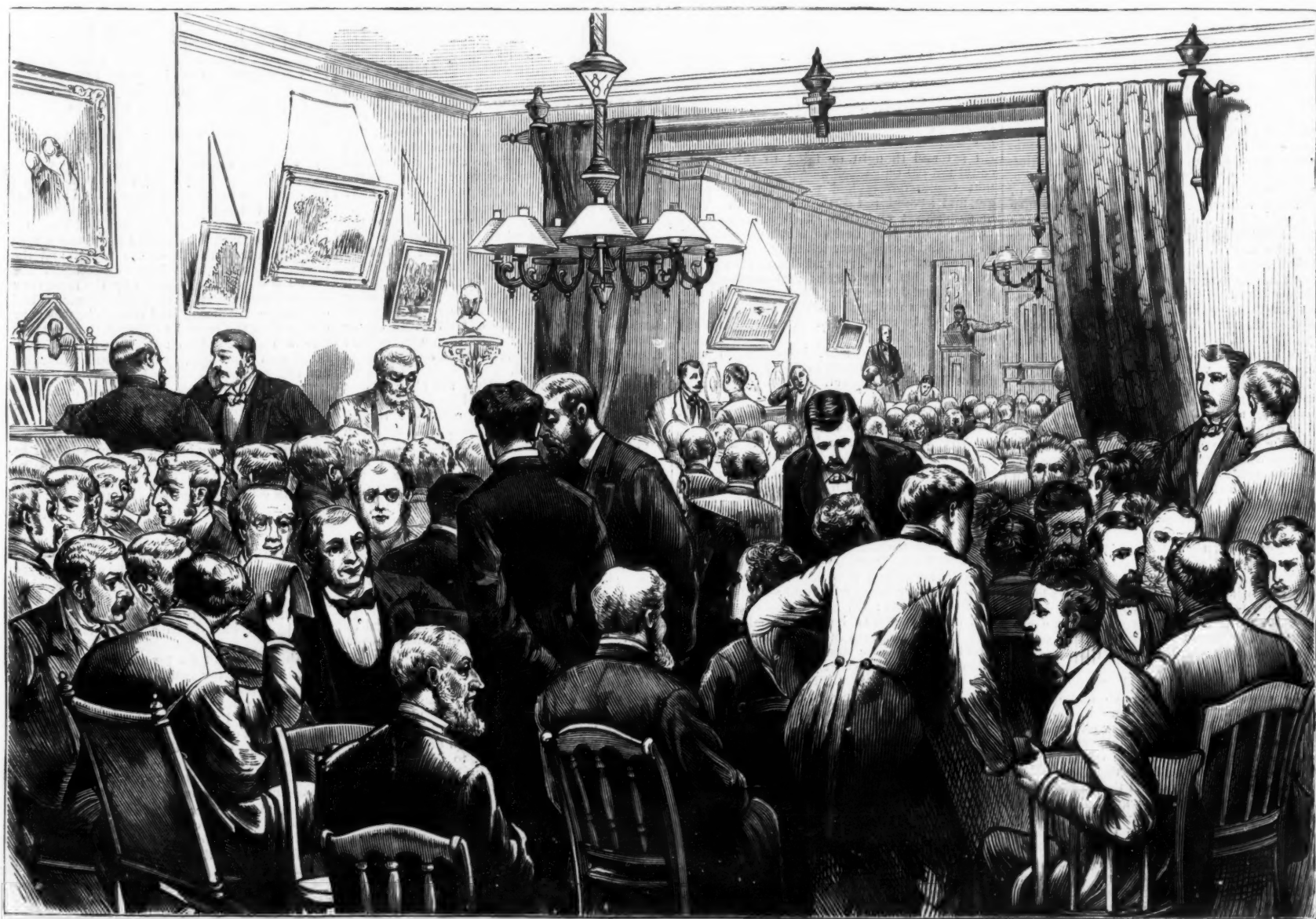
AFRICA.—INAUGURATION OF THE EAST ALGERIAN RAILWAY AT TALEBOMA.



AFRICA.—CAPTURE OF THE HILL AND VILLAGE OF TOUBA, ALGERIA, BY THE FRENCH TIRAILLEURS.



NEW YORK.—CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY OF THE STORMING OF STONY POINT—A VIEW OF THE LIGHT-HOUSE BLUFF, LOOKING UP THE RIVER—THE MEN-OF-WAR "SARATOGA" AND "MINNESOTA" FIRING A SALUTE.—SEE PAGE 363.



CALIFORNIA.—MEMBERS AND GUESTS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB, SAN FRANCISCO, DISCUSSING THE PROVISIONS OF THE NEW CONSTITUTION.—SEE PAGE 363.

A CAST OF THE NET.

THE STORY OF A DETECTIVE OFFICER.

CHAPTER I.

ANY one who feels the slightest curiosity as to the date of my story can tell pretty nearly when its events occurred, by various incidents mentioned in it, and which the public know quite as much about as I do; but I do not feel inclined, for certain reasons of my own, to identify the precise date or to name the exact spot at which I was employed in the business.

It was a case for the police—for the detective police—and I was the detective employed. Now you must understand that I was not at this time regarded as a regular detective; I was a sergeant in what we call the "A" Division, and I did ordinary duty; but though I was not yet on the regular detective staff, somehow or another I was very often taken from my usual work and put on all sorts of jobs, sometimes fifty or a hundred miles in the country; and I was once paid a very high compliment by the chief magistrate—of course I mean at Bow Street. He said: "Nickham, you're not a regular detective, are you?"

"No, your worship," I said; "I am not."

"Well, Nickham, you're worth a dozen of them; and I have made a special note of your conduct, and shall send it on to the Commissioner."

The Commissioner was old Sir Richard Mayne then. And that's how I got to be a sergeant; but it was only because I was lucky in two or three cases which the chief magistrate happened to notice.

Well, I was one night at the section-house, for I wasn't on duty, and I was sitting in the large room by myself; for it was a fine evening, and none of the men cared much about chess or draughts or things of that kind. I was reading the paper by myself, when the door opened and one of our people looked in. It was Inspector Maffery, and I was very much surprised to see him there, as our place was quite out of his district. Seeing I was by myself, he said, "Oh!" in a tone which showed he was pleased at it, and, turning to some one outside, he said: "Come in, sir, the party is here by himself." With this a tall, stout, gray-whiskered gentleman came in.

Inspector Maffery closed the door after him, and not only did that, but shot the bolt, and then coming to me at the table, says: "Nickham, this is Mr. Byrle, the celebrated engineer that you have heard of."

Of course I had heard of him; in fact I once had a cousin who worked in his factory. So I bowed and made a civil remark.

Then Inspector Maffery went on to say: "This, Mr. Byrle, is Sergeant Nickham, one of our most active men, as I have told you, and who, I think, is just the man for you. This place is very safe; and as I have bolted the door, and the men below know I am here, there will be no interruption; and you can say anything you wish to Nickham as well here as anywhere."

So they sat down; and with a very polite speech, for he was really a gentleman, Mr. Byrle told me what he wanted.

He made a long story of it; I shall not; but the public have really no idea of putting facts well together, and presenting them without any excrescences, if I may say so. However, I listened patiently, and found out what was required. It seemed that his factory had been robbed on several nights, in spite of an extra watchman being put on; and only the completely finished and most expensive engine-fittings were taken, showing that the thief, whoever he was, knew what things to take, where to find them, and where to dispose of them. The robberies were mortifying, because they proved, as all such things do, that the firm were employing a thief, and trusting some one who was deceiving them. The loss of these fittings often delayed other work seriously; and, above all, it was considered that it demoralized all the factory (where the best part of a thousand hands were employed), by showing that the firm could be robbed with impunity. So, although it was scarcely the sort of business which a first-rate man was required to work, yet I listened very patiently, and asked such questions as occurred to me. For a civilian, Mr. Byrle seemed pretty sharp at catching my drift; while, as an old hand and knowing what was best with the public, Inspector Maffery sat without saying a word, or one now and again at the most, leaving Mr. Byrle to settle things for himself. I then roughly sketched out a scheme, which in a few words I laid before the gentleman.

"I understand your plan entirely, Mr. Nickham," said the old gentleman; "and the sooner you begin the better, for I feel we shall be successful. Mr. Maffery assures me you can be relieved from your duty here at any time; so I trust there will be no delay. I have said money is not to stop you, and you will take this on account of expenses—when exhausted, let me know." With that he handed me a bank-note, and I thanked him, and, of course, promised to do my best.

Then Inspector Maffery said: "I will see to all the essentials, Nickham, so make your preparations as soon as you can."

Now I liked Maffery very well, and he was certainly one of our best inspectors; but all this civility, taking trouble off my hands and so forth, merely told me that Mr. Byrle was a most liberal party, and that Maffery believed he had got hold of a good thing. Mr. Byrle shook hands with me, and they went away together, leaving me to think over the business.

I must confess I was a little disappointed—although I could see I was likely to be well paid for my work—in being set at such a very commonplace job as this. After I had traced Lady Brightley's jewels, I thought I should have been selected for the most important

work; and when Inspector Maffery brought Mr. Byrle in, I really hoped it was about the great Bank-paper robbery.

The reader is quite aware, I have no doubt, that Bank of England notes are printed on paper specially made for the purpose, and that no other paper has three rough edges, the only clean-cut edge being where the two notes have been separated—and this is one of the great tests of a genuine note. It will be recollected, too, how a great quantity of this paper was stolen from the mill at Alverstoke, and the Bank was in a terrible state about it, because as for engraving and all that handicraft sort of work—why, bless me! there's men by the dozen in England and on the Continent, too—I know some of them—who could print off a note with all the little touches on which the examiners rely as perfectly imitated as if they had worked for the Bank for years. So when the gang got hold of the genuine paper, it was a serious matter. They took the principal thief, however, and got the paper back. A desperate service it was, too, as B—, the chief man in the affair, was one of the most resolute and desperate roughs in London; and the officers that took him ran great risk, and deserved great praise.

Of course, the public rejoicing was very great, because nobody had known when the bad notes might come into circulation; but we knew, some of us, that it was all a sham, that a lot of the paper was still missing, and that if the right man got hold of it there would soon be thousands of forged notes—all fives, probably—flying about. It was pretended that all the paper was got back, or that the Bank people thought so, on purpose to make the holders of the remainder think that the hunt was given up; but it was no such thing. Two or three of the best men in the force were to continue the search, and I had hoped I should be selected; but I was told I would not do, because I could not speak any foreign language, and it was thought the men might have to go abroad after the paper. For all that, when I saw Inspector Maffery come in with Mr. Byrle, I thought, as I just said, that I was to be chosen. However, I had found out my mistake, and I was thinking over my instructions when the door opened again. I did not look up at first, supposing it was one of our men; but a cough attracting my attention, I turned round. I saw a slight-built, rather under-sized young fellow, with something of a foreign cut about him, very good-looking, though, and a most uncommonly piercing eye, and he at once said: "I am Mr. Byrle's clerk, and have been waiting for him, and he wishes to know where he is to see you?"

"To see me?" I said. "Why—does he want to see me?"

"I think what Mr. Byrle means is, that in case he wants to speak to you, where shall he find you?" replied the young fellow. "You see I don't know much of the business myself; I only know he has engaged you as a detective."

"And that's more than you ought to have known," I said; "however, Mr. Byrle knows his own business best. Tell him that of course he can always hear of me under the name agreed upon, at the Yarmouth Smack, where I shall lodge."

"Under what name, did you say?" asks the clerk.

"I didn't say any name, and I don't mean to say any name," was my answer. "If Mr. Byrle wants any more information, he had better write."

"Oh, very well," says he, quite short and sharp, for I supposed he did not like my manner, and away he goes.

I sat and thought, or tried to think, but I could not get on so well as before; the visit of that young fellow had unaccountably upset me, and I could not settle down again. Then in came first one, then another, then two or three, of our men, and so I got up and went out. I had scarcely turned the corner when I met Inspector Maffery, and it was pretty easy to see by his rosy cheeks and unsteady eye what he had been up to.

"Off for a meditative stroll, I suppose, Mr. Nickham," he says. "You are the boy for my money."

"I'm glad to hear it, inspector," I said. "But I don't think much of Mr. Byrle's clerk, nor of Mr. Byrle himself for his judgment in sending him to me."

"Mr. Byrle's clerk!" he says; and then repeats it: "Mr. Byrle's clerk!"

"Ah!" I said, "Mr. Byrle's clerk. He came with a message from Mr. Byrle to know where he should meet me if he wanted to see me. I had already settled with him how I would call at his manager's private house with my report, whenever I had anything to say; and he ought to have been satisfied with that."

"You are making some mistake here, Sergeant Nickham," says Inspector Maffery. "Mr. Byrle had no clerk with him; and, moreover, than that, I've been with him myself till the last five minutes; till he got into the train, in fact, and can swear he never spoke to anybody but myself from the time I left you."

"Then there's a screw loose!" I said; "there's a something wrong here, inspector, and we have got to deal with uncommonly deep files. They have scored the first notch in the game, that's clear, but perhaps we can turn the tables on them all the better for it."

"If there's a man in the force as can do it, Sergeant Nickham, you are that man," says Inspector Maffery. "I'll trust it to you; for my head just now isn't up to the polishing-off of such a business. But do what you like."

"Can I have Peter Tilley for a week, inspector?" I said.

"Have half-a-dozen for a month, if you like," he answered. "Mr. Byrle is that much in earnest, Sergeant Nickham, and he is that rich and liberal, that he would buy up half a division rather than be beaten. So pick who you like, and keep them as long as you like. I will see you all right."

"Very good, inspector," I said. "Then I will have Peter to-morrow; and don't make any report of this little adventure, not even to Mr. Byrle. I think I see the little game, and I will try to spoil it."

If I had had any doubt as to the inspector having had quite enough brandy-and-water with Mr. Byrle (it was sure to be brandy-and-water, for Inspector Maffery never touched anything else; he said it was ordered for his liver)—I say if I had felt any doubt before, I should have had none after the way he wrung my hand and said: "If there's a man on the force as can do credit to the force and bring 'em through in triumph, that man is Sergeant Nickham." And so, with another squeeze of my hand, he walked away with a step so excessively solemn and stately, that it was only a little better—a very little—than staggering across the pavement, in the way of telling what was the matter with him; but Inspector Maffery was not a bad fellow, and never carried favor with those above him by worrying and spying on those below him, and so we liked the old boy.

Now this was a very awkward incident—I mean, of course, about the clerk—and showed me that my work had already begun, and was likely to be a little more intricate than I had expected. How the stranger came to know so much as he evidently did, I did not trouble myself just then to consider; he *did* know it; that was the fact I was concerned with. Why it was worth his while to take so much trouble about a small affair, I did not much care either, though this was more important, as it was evident some one had employed him, for I would swear he was no smith or fitter; and so it was clear there was a good many in the swim. I don't mean to use any slang if I can help it, but "swim" is a regular word, you know, and we can't do without it.

My mind was at once made up; I was always very quick in making up my mind, and prided myself upon it. I am bound to admit I often got wrong through it, but perhaps no oftener than people who were slower; and I took care to make a good deal of the times when I *was* right, and so that covered everything. Now, Peter Tilley, the officer I had asked for, was a man as much about my size and build and color of hair and eyes, as if he had been my twin-brother; and indeed he was not much unlike me in his features. Any one who knew us would not mistake us for each other, but a casual acquaintance might do so. I was wearing then rather extensive mustaches and whiskers; they gave me quite a military cut; and they were not common in the force then, though any man wears them now that chooses. I at once determined to shave them off—for I never allowed personal considerations to interfere with business—and make Tilley wear a set of false articles as much like my own as possible; and this I knew would immensely increase his resemblance to me as I appeared that day, while I should, of course, look very unlike myself. Then I would send Tilley to the Yarmouth Smack—which was a public-house at which, under some disguise, I had agreed to lodge while on my search—and he could keep his eyes open for anything going on; but he was not to trouble himself much. It was uncommonly likely, I thought, that the spies—for I didn't doubt there was more than one—would make sure that Smith or Brown or Jones, or whatever Tilley called himself, the lodger at the Yarmouth Smack, was Sergeant Nickham, and so, as long as they kept him in sight, they had the trump-card, if I may be bold enough to say so, in their hands. And if I had not met Inspector Maffery when I did, when the clerk's visit was fresh upon me, and I was rather out of temper about it, I should probably never have thought of mentioning the matter, and the detective work would have begun on the wrong side.

Byrle & Co.'s factory was close to the Thames, and had a wharf in connection with it, and one waterside public-house would do as well for me as another. In fact, as the receiver was as likely to live on the opposite bank as on their own, I might actually gain by living at some place with the river between me and the factory, for a boat could easily cross the river in the dark than a cart could drive through the narrow streets and lanes without being noticed.

I told Tilley as much of my plan as was necessary; he was delighted to help me, for he fancied I was a rising man, and it was something of an honor to work with me. He was willing enough to wear the mustache, too; indeed, this was such a common and natural sort of disguise, that it was adopted quite as a matter of course. I did not tell him that I wished him to be mistaken for me; I took care to choose the mustache and whiskers; but it never occurred to him why that particular style was chosen; nor did I tell him, or Inspector Maffery or Mr. Byrle, that I was going to shave. There's nothing like keeping your own counsel in these cases; and I resolved that if I had occasion to report anything to the inspector (for he was supposed to have the case in hand), I would actually wear a false mustache myself; but it was specially arranged that I should not go near any of the authorities until I thought it desirable, for Mr. Byrle was of the opinion that if the least suspicion got afloat with regard to myself, the men who were robbing him were quite fly to watching where I went. (I am afraid I have dropped into slang again; to be "fly" to a thing, means that you are up to it, or down to it, as some prefer to say.) Well, this was Mr. Byrle's opinion, and I am bound to say, after the visit of the sham clerk, it was mine, too.

CHAPTER II.

BY ten o'clock on the following morning I had sketched out my plan, and, more than that, I was down at the water-side and looking after a lodging, for I never let the grass grow under my feet.

I was not likely to be very particular about my lodgings in one sense, though in another I was more particular than any lodger that ever came into the neighborhood; and after a little trouble I pitched upon a public-house again, chiefly because my going in and out would attract less attention there than at a private house; so I secured a small second floor back room at the Anchor and Five Mermaids, or the Anchor, as it was generally called, for shortness.

The great recommendation of the Anchor and Five Mermaids was that it was nearly opposite to Byrle & Co.'s engineering shops, a ferry existing between the two places; this ferry was reached by a narrow, dirty lane, which ran by the side of the Anchor, and I could see that numbers of the workmen came across at dinner-time. The Anchor stood at the corner, one front looking on the lane, the other upon the river; and once upon a time there had been, not exactly a tea-garden, but arbors or "boxes" in front of the house, where the customers used to sit and watch the shipping; but this was all past now, and only the miserable remains of the arbors were there; and it was as dull and cheerless a place as the tavern to which Quilp took Sampson and Sally Brass in the "Old Curiosity Shop," of which indeed it reminded me every time I looked at it.

I always had a readiness for scraping acquaintances; in fact, it is not much use of your being a detective if you can't do this. If you can't be jonnick with the biggest stranger or lowest rough, you are no use on that lay. I really must avoid slang terms; but "jonnick" means hearty and jovial; on a "lay" means being up to some game or business. Before the first dinner-time had passed, I had got quite friendly with two or three of Byrle's hands who came into the Anchor to have their beer; and I learned some particulars about the firm, and then about the gatekeeper, that helped me in my ideas.

Directly after they had all gone back, I went over, too, and the dinner-traffic having ceased, I was the only passenger. The ferryman did not like taking me alone, but he was bound to do it; and he looked as sulky as if he was going to be flogged at a cart's tail. He was a tall, bony-headed fellow, between fifty and sixty, I should say; and I noticed him particularly because of an uncommonly ugly squint in his left eye. In accordance with my plan, I began talking cheerfully to him while he was pushing off from the shore; but he didn't answer me beyond a growl. Then I offered him some splendid chewing tobacco, which a "friend" just over from America had given me. Really and truly I had bought it within a quarter of a mile of the Anchor and Five Mermaids, but he wasn't to know that. I can't chew; I hate the idea; but I put a piece of the tobacco in my mouth, knowing how fond these waterside men are of the practice, and how friendly they get with one of the same tastes. To my surprise, he would not have it, and I was glad to pitch my plug into the river when he turned his head away. But, confound these cock-eyed men! there is never any knowing where to have them. He had not turned far enough, I suppose, or I didn't make proper allowances for his squint, for as I threw my plug away with a shudder—it had already turned me almost sick—I caught his plaguy cross-eye staring full at me. I knew it was by the expression on his face; that was my only guide, for an astronomer could not have told by his eye in which direction he was looking.

The ferryman pulled well, however, and just as we got athwart the bows of a short, thick-looking craft—it is of no use my trying to say what kind of a craft she was—I can't tell one from another—a voice hailed us. "Ay, ay," says the boatman, lifting his sculls; "do you want to go ashore, captain?" "Yes," returned a voice, and I looked up and saw a man leaning over the side of the vessel, and the boatman sending his wherry close under the ship, the stranger slid down by the rope very cleverly and got in. Though the boatman had called him "captain," and though he was very clever with the rope, he didn't look altogether like a regular sailor; he was a dark, full-faced man, with black eyes, a dark mustache, and curly, greasy-looking hair.

The stranger said a few words in a very low tone to the boatman, evidently to prevent my overhearing, and then nothing passed until we landed. The sulky ferryman took his fee without a word, and then I went straight to the wicker-gate of Byrle's factory, where, of course, I found the gatekeeper. I stated that I was in want of employment, and heard that they were taking on laborers, and had applied for a job.

"No; I don't know as we want any more hands," said the man, who was sitting down in a little sentry-box; "and we have had plenty of people here; besides, you're lame, ain't you?"

"A little," I said, limping as I moved; "not very bad, a kick from a horse some years ago."

"Ah, you won't do for us, then," he said; "but I'm sorry for you. I'm lame too, from a kick of a horse. I can't stand without my stick," here he rose up to let me see him; "but you see I was hurt in the service, and the firm have provided for me. I'm very sorry for you, for it's hard to be slighted because you are a cripple. Here is sixpence, old fellow, to get half a pint with, and I wish I could make it more."

I took the sixpence, and thanked him for his kindness; he deserved my thanks, because he wasn't getting more than a pound a week, and had four or five little children. I found this out afterwards.

I was satisfied at having made a friend who might prove useful, but I had one or two more questions to ask him, and was thinking how I could best bring them in, when he said hurriedly: "If you could get hold of Mr.

Byrle by himself, he might do something for you, for he is a very good sort, and you seem strong enough in every other way, and would make a good watchman, I should think."

Yes; he did not know how good a one!

"Mr. Byrle senior or junior?" I asked, on the strength of my information from the hands at the Anchor.

"Junior! Oh, for! that wouldn't do at all!" exclaimed he, with quite a gasp, as if the idea took his breath away. "It's a case of 'Oh, no, we never mention it,' with him. He's seldom at home, and when he is, he and the old gentleman lead the very — Here you have it! Here's Mr. Forey, the only foreman in the place who would listen to you. Now, speak up!"

Mr. Forey, a dark-whiskered, stoutly built man, came up, glancing keenly at me as a stranger; so touching my cap, I again preferred my request to be taken on as a laborer.

"I don't like lame men," he said; "but there does not seem to be a great deal the matter with you. You say you can have a first-rate character. We shall be making changes next week, and there's no harm in your looking round on Monday morning at nine sharp. Stop! I can give you a job now. Do you know how to get to T—?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Then take this letter to Mr. Byrle, and bring back an answer," said Mr. Forey. "If he is not at home, ask for Miss Doyle, who may open it. I want an answer this afternoon; so cut off! Stay! here's a shilling for your fare; it's only tenpence, you know; and I'll leave eightpence with Bob here at the gate for your trouble."

I took the shilling, Bob winking triumphantly at me, as if to say it was as good as done, and I left the yard.

(To be continued.)

THE CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY OF STONY POINT.

"Mad" Anthony Wayne had a hot time of it on the 16th of July, 1779, the artist and I, on the 16th of July, 1879, had much to complain of on the score of calor. The boat in which we sailed up the lordly Hudson was a perfect oven, and from this oven we emerged into a heat such as flashes upon one from the open mouth of a furnace at full blast. The breeze that fanned our cheeks while on the river was such as preludes the dreaded sirocco. The sun that cast its sheening light upon us as we landed at Stony Point sought to scorch our very marrow, and the ascent to the fort was simply an ordeal by fire. The scene, as we approached the theatre of "Mad" Anthony's brilliant exploit, was intensely, marvelously picturesque. In the background rose the giant mountains of the Highlands, clad with glistening verdure to their summits, and forming a green rampart against the keen, luminous blue sky. Here and there from out the foliage peeped forth tiny white villages, timidly approaching the mirror-like waters of the placid river, while right and left wooded hills and hooded hollows stretched away in the hazy distance. On our left Stony Point stood boldly to-day as it did one hundred years ago, the ruins of the old fort that "Mad" Anthony so gallantly stormed gayly decked with the Stars and Stripes, as indeed was every available spot on the classical promontory, the red and blue in superb contrast with the sun-lighted foliage. In front of the Point and grimly confronting it, like a pair of watch-dogs, lay two vessels of war—the *Minnesota* and the *Saratoga*—displaying bunting from topmast truck to bowsprit, the shadows clean cut in the mirrored water, their guns run out at the ports ready for action, while across the river skimmed their saucy steam pinnaces, radiant in snow-white awnings and flags that had never a breeze to wave them. All over the water were dotted pleasure craft, from the brick-carrying schooner from Haverstraw, hastily pressed into the service, to the inevitable canoe, from the palatial river steamer to the saucy steam-launch. Every deck was crowded, and the white sails and many-tinted parasols and dressings of the fairer sex threw such color into the scene as one only sees in "a bit of Fortuny." At the landing we got mixed up with elderly gentlemen, arrayed in the uniform of the Continentals, seemingly peculiarly adapted to the purposes of opera bouffe, and with members of other regiments boasting equally remarkable warlike raiment. These warriors of a hundred years ago, wiping their dripping heads in nineteenth-century pocket-handkerchiefs, used language as profane as that uttered by "Mad" Anthony to General Washington, when the latter proposed to storm the fort, and at a very early stage in the proceedings silently disappeared as though they were the ghosts of the men who formed the forlorn hope on that memorable July night in 1779. Country folk mustered strong, as did vendors of a decoction facetiously termed lemonade; while excursionists, bewailing the evil destiny that cast them upon this stony gridiron, simmered, sweltered, grilled, and feebly gasped the single word "water," with tongues parched to the dryness of the old letters read out by Colonel Febiger. There was a marquee, striped like a zebra, beneath which hundreds packed themselves—not to listen to the oration, not to hear what the original Colonel Febiger wrote to his wife, not to hear how "Mad" Anthony offered to storm even a warmer place at his General's bidding, but simply to gain respite from the scorching, flaming rays of a sun that seemed to be coming up out of the earth as well as down out of the sky. General Joseph A. Hawley was the orator, and well did he acquit himself, despite difficulties such as hedged the task given by the gods to Sisyphus, and Judge Suffern, of Rockland County, welcomed the perspiring and miserable patriots in a harangue which, at a lesser temperature, would have elicited such a storm of cheers as would have caused the craft on the river

to swing again at their moorings. There was no sham battle, the struggle with King Sol being all too real, and ere the coming storm caused heaven's artillery to crash o'er Stony Point, the visitors were well homeward, uttering the common witticism, "Well, I guess it will be a hundred years before I am caught at Stony Point again."

THE EASTERN TORNADO OF JULY 16TH.

THE tornado which swept Massachusetts on the afternoon of Wednesday, July 16th, was unprecedented in violence for that region. It started in New York, causing much damage along the Mohawk Valley, and passing through Herkimer, Fulton, Montgomery, Schenectady, Albany and Rensselaer Counties. Shortly after two o'clock it struck the southern suburbs of Pittsfield, near the western boundary of Massachusetts, and it sped through the length of the State at the average rate of at least seventy miles an hour, reaching Boston at 4:15. In its course down from the Berkshire Hills to the sea-coast it took several swinging curves, and the whole breadth of New England, in varying degree, was included in its sweep. In the Connecticut Valley it struck Northampton and Springfield with furious force and Hartford comparatively lightly, while Fitchburg, thirty miles to the north, further on, received it heavily, and so again Needham and the towns southwest of Boston.

The damage has been literally immense in its sum total, and the loss of life terrible in the aggregate. Ruined crops, especially corn-fields and fruit-trees, in the rural regions, and roofless and chimneyless houses, with the windows battered in by hailstones, in the towns tell the story of this midsummer tempest's devastation. Had an invading army fought its way across the commonwealth its ravages could scarcely have been more extensive. Not less than twenty buildings were more or less completely demolished in Pittsfield and vicinity, to say nothing of the uprooting of hundreds of large trees, with the attendant casualties—fifteen in Northampton and two in Fitchburg. The storm in Boston was probably the severest at the Neck. Upon striking the city it seemed to split into two currents, the one striking the South End and the other spending its greatest force to the north of the city limits.

Along Revere Beach the tornado was felt with terrible violence. The immense skating pavilion at the Atlantic House was totally demolished, as were also some of the smaller buildings near at hand. At the Ocean House several trees were uprooted, sheds destroyed and general havoc made. Along the beach many of the smaller houses were overturned, and scarcely a bath-house is found intact at any point. The wind was so strong that the sand was taken up in dense clouds and carried across the beach into the bay, and in many instances windows were broken by the hailstones, which were of immense size. The storm headed towards Nahant and passed over that peninsula.

At Nahant the Cadets' marquee and cook tents were blown down, and two locomotive headlights, valued at \$100, destroyed. Along the road from Lynn to Nahant a number of teams were blown over and some damage resulted. A barouche, belonging to a Nahant party, was totally wrecked. All along the streets of the town beautiful trees were prostrated, and a large number of small buildings and bathing-houses blown down along the shore.

Northampton is despoiled of its beautiful shade trees, mostly large elms, for which it is noted, there being some fifteen uprooted on Elm Street alone, through which the tornado passed with marvelous rapidity.

The greatest loss of life was on the water, and the sad fate of the Dundon family is one of the most melancholy incidents of the storm. The party, numbering six persons, and consisting of Mr. Thomas Dundon, engineer on board the lightship at Wood's Hole, his wife, two sisters, Misses Mary Ann and Susan Dundon, his niece, Miss Lizzie Dundon, and Master Arthur Ream, left Charleston about 8:30 o'clock in the yacht *Myrtle*, and passed the early portion of the day below. Seeing the approaching storm, Mr. Dundon made sail for the city, and was met by a squall on Bird's Island Flats, off East Boston Point. Finding it impossible to reach the city, Mr. Dundon placed his wife, two sisters and niece in the yacht's tender, and before the boy and himself could get on board, the tender was blown away from the yacht and swamped, the yacht meeting the same fate. Mr. Dundon was forward when the yacht went down, and he clung to the mast as long as it was out of water, and then he drifted towards the shore and was picked up in an exhausted condition by the tug *Vim*, which had a brig in tow. The bodies of Mrs. Dundon, Mr. Dundon's sister Mary Ann, aged forty-five, and his niece Lizzie, aged twelve, the daughter of Captain Dundon of the buoy-boat *Daisy*, were also recovered by the crew of the tug *Vim* at a late hour, but those of Miss Susan Dundon, aged twenty-eight, and Master Arthur Ream, aged fourteen, had not been found at last accounts.

CLUB LIFE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

THE visitor to San Francisco cannot fail to be impressed with the delightful thoroughness with which the amenities of social life are observed. A city without distinctive organizations among its people would be quite a dreary waste, in spite of commercial eminence or architectural attractions. Club life, the world over, is a cosmopolitan tie, and does more than any other influence to make a traveler feel "at home," wherever he may lay down his satchel and umbrella.

In the remarkable metropolis of the Pacific, just as elsewhere, the merchant, the banker and the professional man seek quiet and recreation in the salons of the clubs. These will aggregate over 2,000 members now, and the number is increasing weekly. The "Union" Club, located in Wells, Fargo & Co.'s building, on the corner of California and Montgomery Streets, was incorporated in November, 1865. It partakes more than any other of the features of an English club, and is representative of much of the wealth of the city. The initiation fee is \$200, and the monthly dues \$10. The oldest club in the city is the "Pacific," which was organized in 1852, and is located on the corner of California and Webb Streets, the building of the San Francisco Savings Union. It is a decidedly exclusive corporation. With the "California" Club, on Sutter Street, these form the aristocratic organizations, having for their objects the maintaining of rooms for the convenience, comfort, amusement and general benefit of their members.

A distinctive feature of the San Francisco Turnverein, organized in 1852, is that no one can become a member unless he can speak the German language fluently. It has a theatre, gymnasium, and a school for boys and girls, besides the usual

apartments required for liberal club life. The Calcedonian is for the encouragement and practice of Scotch games and music, and the preservation of the manners and customs of Scotland. The Concordia is almost exclusively German, and is located on the corner of Stockton and O'Farrell Streets. The Bar Association has a club-house at Nos. 632-4 Sacramento Street, with billiard and other rooms. To become identified with it a person has to be a member of the Bar in good standing. The initiation fee is \$25, and the monthly dues \$5.

For absolute freedom, uninterrupted pleasure, congenial and stirring companionship, wit, snap, dash, and the true Yankee go-ahead *esprit*, the visitor should seek admission to the quarters of the Bohemian Club, on Sacramento Street, near Montgomery. This club was organized April 1st, 1872, for the association of gentlemen connected professionally with literature, art, music, and the drama—and as if these walks would not accommodate a sufficient number of desirable people, the range was extended so as to include those who loved or appreciated these intellectual employments, and were otherwise eligible. The badge of the club consists of a shield, upon which an owl is perched on a grinning skull bearing across the breast the motto, "Weaving spiders come not here." Once a month a "High Jinks" is held. This is an entertainment for members and their guests, during which the actor, the singer, the artist, the writer and the musician are drawn upon liberally for contributions to "a high old time." So popular is the club that the very best talent has been drawn to it, and the "Jinks" are marvels of intellectual feasts, never dull or lagging, always interesting, and in general decidedly brilliant.

The apartments, which embrace a reception, reading, smoking and card rooms, with kitchen and theatre or concert hall, are always open, and at any time in some of them groups of men eminent in the several professions may be seen gathered there, seeking recreation or amusement, or discussing questions of public interest. For many years a single word was sufficient to develop an animated debate on the Chinese question, and now that for a season the adoption of the new Constitution of the State is exciting general comment, just mention Kearney, the "Honorable Bilks," or "New Cons"—and you will open the floodgates of eloquence, vehement, invective.

Within these rooms you may learn more about California, San Francisco, leprosy, the Chinese, the hoodlums, mines and mining, the bonanza magnates, rings, corruption, the world and everything in, above and below it, in an hour, than you could acquire elsewhere in a lifetime.

It is related of Humboldt, that, being seated next to a society-lady at a supper, he was astounded at the request to give, in the fifteen minutes that must elapse between the first two courses, "a history of the entire world." In the Bohemian Club, with its representatives of all professions, countries and fancies, such a limited narrative would scarcely be impossible.

In addition to these clubs, there is the Olympic formed in 1873 by the consolidation of the San Francisco Olympic and the California Olympic Clubs. In it there are classes for exercise in gymnastics, boxing and fencing, both for the members and their lady friends. There are also in the city a number of organizations not designated as clubs, although having many features in common with them, such as the "Dashaway," a temperance association of far-famed reputation and the owner of one of the most elaborate buildings in the city. A professional club man, from whatever part of the world he may hail, certainly need not feel lonesome while stopping at the city with the Golden Gate to the ocean.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Tributes of Sympathy for the Ex-Empress.

From the moment intelligence was received in London of the death of the Prince Imperial of France, the residence of the ex-Empress, Camden Place, Chiselmhurst, has been daily visited not only by large numbers of the aristocracy and upper class of society, but by working people of both England and France, who called to inquire about the health of the sonless widow, and to leave messages of personal sympathy. While many stopped at the lodge gate, others penetrated to the lodge itself and wrote their names with appropriate sentiments in the visitors' record book kept there.

The Imperial Golden Wedding.

We give two additional engravings of the grand celebration of the golden wedding of the Emperor and Empress of Germany. The first one represents the Imperial pair as they appeared in the drive through the principal streets of Berlin after the ceremony. The enthusiastic populace everywhere greeted and hailed the aged couple with huzzas and acclamations. The second engraving represents the members of the Royal and Imperial family offering their congratulations to the Imperial pair in the grand White Saloon of the Imperial palace. Owing to the feebleness of the Emperor, he was compelled to lean upon a stout cane during the various ceremonies.

The Execution of Solovieff.

The dastardly attempt upon the life of the Czar of Russia on the 2d of April last was expiated on the 9th of June. Solovieff was hung outside the city on the parade-ground in the plain of Smolensk. At 9:50 A. M. one of the prison-carriages, drawn by a single horse, approached the spot. Solovieff sat with his back to the horse, his arms tied, and bearing upon his breast a placard inscribed: "State Criminal." He was dressed in black, wore high boots, was pale but very calm. The executioner, dressed in a red coat and black waistcoat, seized the prisoner upon the arrival of the carriage, and, assisted by a gray-bearded priest, attempted to help him up to the scaffold; but Solovieff proudly refused all assistance, and walked calmly to the pillory and placed his back against it. His death-warrant was then read, while the soldiers presented arms. Again Solovieff refused the ministrations of the priest, and calmly mounted the scaffold. The rope was placed around his neck, and, amid the roll of the drums, the steps were kicked from beneath his feet, and the Czar's would-be assassin was launched into eternity. Our sketch was made during the reading of the death-warrant.

Inauguration of the East Algerian Railway.

On May 20th, 1879, the East Algerian Railroad, extending from Constantine to Setif, in Algeria, was inaugurated by M. Albert Grévy, the newly-appointed Governor-General of that country at the Talergha Station. The Governor and suite were conducted to a large tent where a collation was spread for two hundred and fifty guests. At the left, in the plain, was a long file of Arabs, in their white burnous, standing silent and motionless, contemplating with wonder these things so new to them. In the rear of these, mounted on their horses and with their guns in hand, were the Arab horsemen of the province, the horses all highly decorated for the occasion, being covered with rich cloths, blue, violet, red and yellow, and their riders clad in their finest costumes. Upon the arrival of M. Grévy with the General Commandant of the province, M. Joret, the delegate of the East Algerian

Railroad, and M. Graun, the Prefect of Constantine, they were presented to the Arab chiefs assembled. Each in turn advanced, bowed to M. Grévy, spoke a few words which were translated by an interpreter, and then resumed his usual motionless position. The Governor-General responded, saluting them, and entered the tent followed by the invited guests.

The Signing of the Peace.

After about three weeks' personal negotiations between Major Cavnari and the Ameer Yakoub Khan, the definitive Treaty of Peace was signed at Gundamak on May 26th. We have already given the details of the treaty itself, of which the terms are satisfactory on both sides, the British obtaining every desired political and commercial advantage, including, of course, the "scientific frontier," which comprises the Kuram, Pishin and Sibi Valleys, together with the complete control of the Khyber and Michin Passes, the Ameer's foreign affairs being henceforward conducted directly under the supervision of the British, who moreover are to have a Political Resident at Cabul. On his side the Ameer is to receive six lacs of rupees annually. Yakoub Khan is said to be exceedingly pleased with the result of his visit to the British camp, and he is very grateful to the Viceroy and Major Cavnari for the favorable treaty granted him.

The Insurrection in Algeria.

On the 31st of May last an insurrection took place at Batna which proved the springing of a mine. Some Arabs of the tribe of Ouled-Daoud, in the mountains of Aures, in the province of Constantine, revolted against their Cadi, Si-Bou-Diaf. The commandant of the place immediately sent an officer, M. Corb6, with seven men to quell the insurrection, but instead of finding some twenty Arab insurgents M. Corb6 was confronted by three hundred men superbly mounted and armed to the teeth, and led by a chief named Mohammed-ben-Abd-er-Rhaman. M. Corb6 called to his aid some two hundred Arabs whom he regarded as trustworthy, but on the night of the 2d of June the insurgents pounced upon his camp, his two hundred fled without striking a blow, the seven troopers were killed or wounded, and M. Corb6 alone succeeded in effecting his escape. This success caused the insurrection to spread like wildfire and until it became necessary to crush it by calling out a very considerable force. Our illustration represents the entrance to the gorge of Touba, a deep road bounded on the right and left by enormous rocks. To the right is to be seen the village of Touba, with the fourth battalion of Chasseurs in the order of assault.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—ALL the Crown possessions in Russia have been declared untaxable.

—THERE are 7,000 lakes in Minnesota, representing about 2,000,000 acres of water.

—AN evidence of the hard times in Edinburgh is found in the unprecedented number of workmen enlisting in the army.

—LIFE-SAVING stations are to be erected in Texas at Sabine Pass, Galveston Island, Pass Cavallo, Aransas and Brazos Santiago.

—PHILADELPHIA is to have an elevated railroad in the centre of the city, connecting with the Pennsylvania road by the way of Filbert Street.

—THE inauguration of the Burns monument at Kilmarnock will take place on the 9th of August. The entire cost of the work will, it is said, be about \$15,000.

—FUNERAL services in Troy, N. Y., according to a recent agreement between the clergymen, will hereafter be limited to prayer, singing and scriptural readings.

—A MEDAL struck by order of the Czar, displaying a red cross surmounted by a silver wreath, has been presented to eighteen members of the German Central Committee of the societies for tending the wounded in the field, in recognition of special services rendered during the Russo-Turkish war.

—THE last Missouri Legislature passed a law making it a felony for any officer of a bank to accept deposits in the institution if he knows it to be in a failing condition, and imposing the same punishment as that for stealing money. Under this statute several St. Louis bankers are to be tried.

—REPORTS from Australia represent that the three American locomotives that were sent there a short time ago have given eminent satisfaction, and orders have been received for more. They are found to be superior to English locomotives, to require much less fuel, and to be cheaper than English engines of similar capacity.

—IOWA continues to send cheering news about her tremendous crop of wheat. Having gathered all the Fall planted crop, her farmers are now harvesting the Spring grain. The aggregate is estimated at fifty millions of bushels—a bushel for every man, woman and child in the United States for a single State. Iowa takes rank as the Empire State for wheat.

—IN 1860 the town of Gravesend, L. I., which owns a portion of Coney Island, leased a piece of ground on the sea-front for ten years and received therefor the sum of \$60. The lease expiring in 1870, the authorities renewed it again for ten years for \$60. To-day the value of the sea-front on Coney Island, with all of its improvements, is probably not less than \$15,000,000.

—THE Dominion Government intends to make military instruction a part of the high-school course in the different provinces, and will form thirty-five companies of thirty-five boys each in Ontario, twenty-five companies in Quebec and fifteen in the maritime provinces. These companies will be furnished with instructors from the military college and with Government arms.

—THE lawsuit instituted by the heir of the late Dictator Rosas against Buenos Ayres, to recover sequestered property valued at \$10,000,000, has been finally decided in favor of the plaintiff. This decision was quite unexpected, and is looked upon as creditable to the purity and independence of the bench. The suit lasted fifteen years. Mrs. Terrero, daughter of General Rosas, is the successful litigant.

—A REUNION of the members of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows is to be held at Long Branch, on July 29th, 30th and 31st. Besides social attractions, there will be addresses by prominent members of the Order; those on the first day being in the interest of the subordinate lodges; on the second of the lodges of the Rebekah Degree, and on the third of the Encampment. A large number of Uniformed Patriarchs will go into camp on the second day, and on the third will take part in a competitive drill for prizes. The first prize, which must be won three times by a battalion to be held, is an elegant silver cup, the bowl being supported by crossed crooks, while four Patriarchs in full uniform stand upon the pedestal. The other prizes are guidon flags of heavy purple silk, with gold bullion ornamentation. The battalions that are expected to contest for the prizes represent New York, Rochester, New Haven, Philadelphia, Detroit, Baltimore and Newark, and during their stay at the seaside will dwell in tents pitched on the lawn near the bluff. Under the reduced rates of transportation, many thousands of people are expected to gather at the reunion.



MASSACHUSETTS.—"THE LODGE FOR WAYFARERS," HAWKINS STREET, BOSTON.—TRAMPS SAWING WOOD FOR THEIR LODGING AND BREAKFAST.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 367.

MASSACHUSETTS.—OUR POPULAR SUMMER RESORTS.—A PLEASURE PARTY FISHING FOR SHARKS OFF THE COAST OF NANTUCKET.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 370.



ASTERS AND GOLDEN-RODS.

O, lovely in her laughing grace,
With rounded arms and rosy face,
With hair of amber glow,
Was the first Summer whose white feet
First walked the young world, gay and sweet,
Long centuries ago!

But when her joyful reign was o'er,
When bitter winds had hurt her sore,
When grief had marred her mirth,
She drooped, one evening, faint and pale,
As twilight wrapt its dusky veil
About the faded earth.

And now, with failing breath, she said:
"Ah, one by one my flowers have fled
From beauteous garden-ways!
How quickly their false love has flown,
And doomed me here to die alone,
Their Queen in happier days!"

"Weak flatterers of my perished fame!
Unfaithful courtiers! go in shame,
And leave me to my woes!
Who find, of royal power bereft,
No more the lily on my left,
Nor on my right the rose!"

Then, while the dying Queen lay still,
And left her weary heart grow chill
With death's destructive blight,
There, at brief distance from her gaze,
Two common weeds appeared their sprays
In the sad sinking light.

Two wayside weeds, that only know
Those kind endearments that the dew,
The rain, the sunshine make;
And though they looked of differing leaves,
Yet each was fraught with fragile sheaves
Of buds that soon would break.

Then the pale Queen, in thankful pride,
Blessed these poor wildflowers ere she died,
And said to them—"Behold,
Henceforward, while on earth I live,
To one my purple robe I give,
To one my crown of gold!"

EDGAR FAWCETT.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE day on which worthy old Surgeon Pinfold had predicted that Sally would be in a fair way of recovery had come and gone—and still the medical report to Amelius was the same: "You must be patient, sir; she is not well enough to see you, yet."

Toff, watching his young master anxiously, was alarmed by the steadily progressive change in him for the worse, which showed itself at this time. Now sad and silent, and now again bitter and irritable, he had deteriorated physically as well as morally, until he really looked like the shadow of his former self. He never exchanged a word with his faithful old servant, except when he said mechanically "good-morning" or "good-night." Toff could endure it no longer. At the risk of being roughly misinterpreted, he followed his own kindly impulse, and spoke. "May I own to you, sir," he said, with perfect gentleness and respect, "that I am indeed heartily sorry to see you so ill?"

Amelius looked up at him sharply. "You servants always make a fuss about trifles. I am a little out of sorts, and I want a change—that's all. Perhaps I may go to America. You won't like that; I shan't complain if you look out for another situation."

The tears came into the old man's eyes. "Never!" he answered fervently. "My last service, sir, if you send me away, shall be my dearly-loved service here."

All that was most tender in the nature of Amelius was touched to the quick. "Forgive me, Toff," he said; "I am lonely and wretched, and more anxious about Sally than words can tell. There can be no change in my life until my mind is easy about that poor little girl. But if it does end in my going to America, you shall go with me—I wouldn't lose you, my good friend, for the world."

Toff still remained in the room, as if he had something left to say. Entirely ignorant of the marriage-engagement between Amelius and Regina, and of the rupture in which it had ended, he vaguely suspected, nevertheless, that his master might have fallen into an entanglement with some lady unknown. The opportunity of putting the question was now before him. He risked it in a studiously modest form.

"Are you going to America to be married, sir?"

Amelius eyed him with a momentary suspicion. "What has put that in your head?" he asked.

"I don't know, sir," Toff answered humbly—"unless it was my own vivid imagination. Would there be anything very wonderful in a gentleman of your age and appearance conducting some charming person to the altar?"

Amelius was conquered once more; he smiled faintly. "Enough of your nonsense, Toff! I shall never be married—understand that."

Toff's withered old face brightened slyly. He turned away to withdraw, hesitated, and suddenly went back to his master.

"Have you any occasion for my services, sir, for an hour or two?" he asked.

"No. Be back before I go out myself—be back at three o'clock."

"Thank you, sir. My little boy is below, if you want anything in my absence."

The little boy, dutifully attending Toff to the gate, observed with grave surprise that his father snapped his fingers gayly at starting, and hummed the first bars of the "Marseillaise."

"Something is going to happen," said Toff's boy, on his way back to the house.

From the Regent's Park to Blackacre Buildings is almost a journey from one end of Lon-

don to the other. Assisted for part of the way by an omnibus, Toff made the journey, and arrived at the residence of Surgeon Pinfold, with the easy confidence of a man who knew thoroughly well where he was going and what he was about. The sagacity of Rufus had correctly penetrated his intentions; he had privately followed his master and had introduced himself to the notice of the surgeon—with a mixture of motives, in which pure devotion to the interests of Amelius played the chief part. His experience of the world told him that Sally's departure was only the beginning of more trouble to come. "What is the use of me to my master," he had argued, "except to spare him trouble, in spite of himself?"

Surgeon Pinfold was prescribing for a row of sick people, seated before him on a bench. "You're not ill, are you?" he said, sharply, to Toff. "Very well, then, go into the parlor and wait."

The patients being dismissed, Toff attempted to explain the object of his visit. But the old naval surgeon insisted on clearing the ground by means of a plain question first. "Has your master sent you here—or is this another private visit, like the last?"

"It is all that is most private," Toff answered; "my poor master is wasting away in unrelieved wretchedness of suspense. Something must be done for him. Oh, dear and good sir, help me in this most miserable state of things!—tell me the truth about Miss Sally!"

Old Pinfold put his hands in his pockets and leaned against the parlor-wall, looking at the Frenchman with a complicated expression, in which genuine sympathy mingled oddly with a quaint sense of amusement. "You're a worthy chap," he said, "and you shall have the truth. I have been obliged to deceive your master about this troublesome young Sally—I have stuck to it that she is too ill to see him or to answer his letters. Both lies; there's nothing the matter with her now but a disease that I can't cure, the disease of a troubled mind. She's got it into her head that she has everlastingly degraded herself in her estimation by leaving him and coming here. It's no use telling her—that, mind you, is perfectly true—that she was all but out of her senses, and not in the least responsible for what she did at the time when she did it. She holds to her own opinion, nevertheless. What can he think of me, but that I have gone back willingly to the disgrace of my old life? I should throw myself out of window if he came into the room! That's how she answers me, and, what makes matters worse still, she's breaking her heart about him all the time. The poor wretch is so eager for any little word of news about his health and his doings, that it's downright pitiable to see her. I don't think her fevered little brain will bear it much longer—and, hang me, if I can tell what to do next to set things right! The two women, her friends, have no sort of influence over her. When I saw her this morning she was ungrateful enough to say, 'Why didn't you let me die?' How your master got among these unfortunate people is more than I know, and is no business of mine—I only wish he had been a different sort of man. Before I knew him as well as I know him now I predicted like a fool that he would be just the person to help us in managing the girl. I have altered my opinion. He's such a glorious fellow—so impulsive and so tender-hearted—that he would be certain, in her present excited state, to do her more harm than good. Do you know if he is going to be married?"

Toff, listening thus far in silent distress, suddenly looked up.

"Why do you ask me, sir?"

"It's an idle question, I dare say," old Pinfold remarked. "Sally persists in telling us she's in the way of his prospects in life—and it's got somehow into her perverse little head that his prospects in life mean his marriage, and she's in the way of that. Hullo! are you going already?"

"I want to go to Miss Sally, sir. I believe I can say something to comfort her. Do you think she will see me?"

"Are you the man who has got the nickname of Toff? She sometimes talks about Toff."

"Yes, sir, yes! I am Théophile Leblond, otherwise Toff. Where can I find her?"

Surgeon Pinfold rang a bell. "My errand-boy is going past the house to deliver some medicine," he answered. "It's a poor place; but you'll find it neat and nice enough—thanks to your good master. He's helping the two women to begin life again out of this country; and, while they're waiting their turn to get a passage, they've taken an extra room and hired some decent furniture, by your master's own wish. Oh, here's the boy; he'll show you the way. One word before you go. What do you think of saying to Sally?"

"I shall tell her for one thing, sir, that my master is miserable for want of her."

Surgeon Pinfold shook his head. "That won't take you very far on the way to persuading her. You will make her miserable, too—and there's about all you will get by it."

Toff lifted his indicative forefinger to the side of his nose. "Suppose I tell her something else, sir? Suppose I tell her my master is not going to be married to anybody?"

"She won't believe you know anything about it."

"She will believe, for this reason," said Toff, gravely; "I put the question to my master before I came here; and I have it from his own lips that there is no young lady in the way, and that he is not—positively not—going to be married. If I tell Miss Sally this, sir, how do you say it will end? Will you bet me a shilling it has no effect on her?"

"I won't bet a farthing! Follow the boy—and tell young Sally I have sent her a better doctor than I am."

While Toff was on his way to Sally, Toff's boy was disturbing Amelius by the announce-

ment of a visitor. The card sent in bore this inscription: "Brother Bawkwell, from Tadmor."

Amelius looked at the card, and ran into the hall to receive the visitor, with both hands held out in hearty welcome. "Oh, I am so glad to see you!" he cried; "come in, and tell me all about Tadmor."

Brother Bawkwell acknowledged the enthusiastic reception offered to him by a stare of grim surprise. He was a dry, hard old man, with a scrubby white beard, a narrow wrinkled forehead, and an obstinate lipless mouth; fitted neither by age nor temperament to be the intimate friend of any of his younger brethren in the Community. But, at that saddest time of his life, the heart of Amelius warmed to any one who reminded him of his tranquil and happy days at Tadmor. Even this frozen old Socialist now appeared to him, for the first time, under the borrowed aspect of a welcome friend.

Brother Bawkwell took the chair offered to him, and opened the proceedings, in solemn silence, by looking at his watch. "Twenty-five minutes past two," he said to himself—and put the watch back again.

"Are you pressed for time?" Amelius asked. "Much may be done in ten minutes," Brother Bawkwell answered, in a Scotch accent which had survived the test of half a lifetime in America. "I would have you know I am in England on a mission from the Community, with a list of twenty-seven persons in all, whom I am appointed to confer with on matters of varying importance. Yours, friend Amelius, is a matter of minor importance. I can give you ten minutes."

He opened a big black pocket-book, stuffed with a mass of letters; and, placing two of them on the table before him, addressed Amelius as if he was making a speech at a public meeting.

"I have to request your attention to certain proceedings of the Council at Tadmor, bearing date the third of December last; and referring to a person under sentence of temporary separation from the Community, along with yourself—"

"Mellicent!" Amelius exclaimed.

"We have no time for interruptions," Brother Bawkwell remarked. "The person is Sister Mellicent; and the business before the Council was to consider a letter, under her signature, received December second. Said letter," he proceeded, taking up one of his papers, "is abridged as follows by the Secretary to the Council. In substance, the writer states (first): 'That the married sister under whose protection she has been living at New York is about to settle in England with her husband, appointed to manage the branch of his business established in London. (Second): That she, meaning Sister Mellicent, has serious reasons for not accompanying her relatives to England, and has no other friends to take charge of her welfare, if she remains in New York. (Third): That she appeals to the mercy of the Council, under these circumstances, to accept the expression of her sincere repentance for the offense of violating a rule, and to permit a friendless and penitent creature to return to the only home left to her, her home at Tadmor.' No, friend Amelius—we have no time for expressions of sympathy: the first half of the ten minutes has nearly expired. I have further to inform you that the question was put to the vote in this form: 'Is it consistent with the serious responsibility which rests on the Council to consider the remission of any sentence justly pronounced under the Book of Rules?' The result was very remarkable, the votes for and against being equally divided. In this event, as you know, our laws provide that the decision rests with the Elder Brother—who gave his vote thereupon for considering the remission of the sentence; and moved the next resolution that the sentence be remitted accordingly. Carried by a small majority. Whereupon Sister Mellicent was received again at Tadmor."

"Ah, the dear old Elder Brother!" cried Amelius—"always on the side of mercy!"

Brother Bawkwell held up his hand in protest. "You seem to have no idea," he said, "of the value of time. Do be quiet! As traveling representative of the Council, I am further instructed to say that the sentence pronounced against yourself stands duly remitted, in consequence of the remission of the sentence against Sister Mellicent. You likewise are free to return to Tadmor, at your own will and pleasure. But—attend to what is coming, friend Amelius!—the Council holds to its resolution that your choice between us and the world shall be absolutely unbiased. In the fear of exercising even an indirect influence, we have purposely abstained from corresponding with you. With the same motive we now say that if you do return to us, it must be with no interference on our part. We inform you of an event that has happened in your absence—and we do no more."

He paused, and looked again at his watch. Time proverbially works wonders. Time closed his lips.

Amelius replied with a heavy heart. The message from the Council had recalled him from the remembrance of Mellicent to the sense of his own position. "My experience of the world has been a very hard one," he said. "I would gladly go back to Tadmor this very day, but for one consideration—"

He hesitated; the image of Sally was before him. The tears rose in his eyes; he said no more.

Brother Bawkwell, driven hard by time, got on his legs, and handed to Amelius the second of the two papers which he had taken out of his pocketbook.

"Here is a purely informal document," he said, "being a few lines from Sister Mellicent which I was charged to deliver to you. He pleased to read it as quickly as you can, and tell me if there is any reply."

There was not much to read; "The good

people here, Amelius, have forgiven me and let me return to them. I am living happily now, dear, in my remembrances of you. I take the walks that we once took together—and sometimes I go out in the boat on the lake, and think of the time when I told you my sad story. Your poor little pet creatures are under my care; the dog and the fawn, and the birds—all well, and waiting for you, with me. My belief that you will come back to me remains the same unshaken belief that it has been from the first. Once more I say it—you will find me the first to welcome you, when your spirits are sinking under the burden of life, and your heart turns again to the friends of your early days. Until that time, think of me now and then. Good-by."

"I am waiting," said Brother Bawkwell, taking his hat in his hand.

Amelius answered with an effort. "Thank her kindly in my name," he said; "that is all." His head drooped while he spoke; he fell into thought as if he had been alone in the room.

But the emissary from Tadmor, warned by the minute-hand on the watch, recalled his attention to passing events. "You would do me a kindness," said Brother Bawkwell, producing a list of names and addresses, "if you could put me in the way of finding the person named, eighth from the top. It's getting on towards twenty minutes to three."

The address thus pointed out was at no great distance, on the northern side of the Regent's Park. Amelius, still silent and thoughtful, acted willingly as a guide. "Please thank the Council for their kindness to me," he said, when they reached their destination. Brother Bawkwell looked at Friend Amelius with a calm, inquiring eye. "I think you'll end in coming back to us," he said. "I'll take the opportunity, when I see you at Tadmor, of making a few needful remarks on the value of time."

Amelius went back to the cottage to see if Toff had returned in his absence, before he paid his daily visit to Surgeon Pinfold. He called down the kitchen-stairs, "Are you there, Toff?" And Toff answered briskly, "At your service, sir."

The sky had become cloudy, and threatened rain. Not finding his umbrella in the hall, Amelius went into the library to look for it. As he closed the door behind him, Toff and his boy appeared on the kitchen-stairs; both walking on tiptoe, and both evidently on the watch for something.

Amelius found his umbrella. But it was characteristic of the melancholy change in him that he dropped languidly into the nearest chair, instead of going out at once with the easy activity of happier days. Sally was in his mind again; he was rousing his resolution to set the doctor's commands at defiance, and to insist on seeing her, come what might of it.

He suddenly looked up. A slight sound had startled him.

It was a faint, rustling sound; and it came from the sadly silent room which had once been Sally's.

He listened, and heard it again. He sprang to his feet—his heart beat wildly—he opened the door of the room.

She was there.

Her hands were clasped over her fast-heaving breast. She was powerless to look at him, powerless to speak to him, powerless to move towards him, until he opened his arms to her. Then all the love and all the sorrow in the tender little heart flowed outward to him in a low murmuring cry. She hid her blushing face on his bosom. The rosy color softly tinged her neck—the unspoken confession of all she feared, and all she hoped.

It was a time beyond words. They were silent in each other's arms.

But under them, on the floor below, the stillness in the cottage was merrily broken by an outburst of dance-music—with a rhythmic thump-thump of feet, keeping time to the cheerful tune. Toff was playing his fiddle, and Toff's boy was dancing to his father's music.

CHAPTER XLV.

AFTER waiting a day or two for news from Amelius, and hearing nothing, Rufus went to make inquiries at the cottage.

"My master has gone out of town, sir," said Toff, opening the door.

"Where?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Anybody with him?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Any news of Sally?"

"I don't know, sir."

Rufus stepped into the hall. "Look here, Mr. Frenchman, three times is enough. I have already apologized for treating you like a teetotal, on a former occasion. I'm afraid I shall do it again, sir, if I don't get an answer to my next question—my hands are itching to be at you, they are! When is Amelius expected back?"

"Your question is positive, sir," said Toff, with dignity. "I am happy to be able to meet it with a positive reply. My master is expected back in three weeks' time."

Having obtained some information at last, Rufus debated with himself what he should do next. He decided that "the boy was worth waiting for," and that his wisest course (as a good American) would be to go back and wait in Paris.

Passing through the Garden of the Tuileries, two or three days later, and crossing to the Rue de Rivoli, the name of one of the hotels in that quarter, reminded him of Regina. He yielded to the prompting of curiosity, and inquired if Mr. Farnaby and his niece were still in Paris.

The manager of the hotel was in the porter's lodge at the time. So far as he knew, he said, Mr. Farnaby and his niece, and an English gentleman with them, were now on their travels. They had left the hotel with an appearance of mystery. The courier had been discharged, and the coachman of the hired

carriage which took them away had been told to drive straight forward until further orders. In short, as the manager put it, the departure resembled a flight. Remembering what his American agent had told him, Rufus received this information without surprise. Even the apparently incomprehensible devotion of Mr. Melton to the interests of such a man as Far-naby failed to present itself to him as a perplexing circumstance. To his mind, Mr. Melton's conduct was plainly attributable to a reward in prospect, and the name of that reward was—Miss Regina.

At the end of the three weeks Rufus returned to London.

Once again he and Toff confronted each other on the threshold of the door. This time, the genial old man presented an appearance that was little less than dazzling. From head to foot he was arrayed in new clothes; and he exhibited an immense rosette of white ribbon in his buttonhole.

"Thunder!" cried Rufus. "Here's Mr. Frenchman going to be married!"

Toff declined to humor the joke. He stood on his dignity as stiffly as ever. "Pardon me, sir, I possess a wife and family already."

"Do you now? Well, none of your know-nothing answers this time. Has Amelius come back?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what's the news of Sally?"

"Good news, sir. Miss Sally has come back, too."

"You call that good news, do you? I'll say a word to Amelius. What are you standing there for? Let be by."

"Pardon me once more, sir. My master and Miss Sally do not receive visitors to-day."

"Your master and Miss Sally?" Rufus repeated. "Has this old creature been liquoring up a little too freely? What do you mean?" he burst out, with a sudden change of tone to stern surprise—"what do you mean by putting your master and Sally together?"

Toff shot his bolt at last. "They will be together, sir, for the rest of their lives. They were married this morning."

Rufus received the blow in dead silence. He turned about, and went back to his hotel.

Reaching his room, he opened the dispatch-box in which he kept his correspondence, and picked out the long letter containing the description by Amelius of his introduction to the ladies of the Arnaby family. He took up the pen, and wrote the indorsement which has been quoted as an integral part of the letter itself, in the sixth chapter of this narrative:

"Ah, poor Amelius! He had better have gone back to Miss Mellicent, and put up with the little drawback of her age! What a bright, lovable fellow he was! Good-by to Golden-heart!"

THE END.

FISHING IN LABRADOR.

THE SUMMER EXPERIENCES OF SOTHERN AND FLORENCE.

HERE we are at last. His Grace the Duke of Beaufort, Sir John Rae Reid, Mr. Sothern, Mr. Florence, four servants, eight Indian canoe-men, four Indian guides, a steward, a cook, and your correspondent. We "put up" the river in three canoes, two floats or barges, while a large scow followed in our wake conveying "vituals for the fortress, my liege." Sixteen miles of grinding, bumping, scooting and dodging brought us to our rancho, a commodious, comfortable box, with a cozy air of civilization and brandy and soda about it, albeit ten thousand miles away from everything. Imagine, or can you imagine, being utterly free from the ghoul-like newspaper that sucks the life-blood of morning and evening; from telegrams that cause the heart to beat backwards; from the post that for one ray of pleasure brings us miles of banked-up clouds of worry. Thank heaven, we can only receive letters twice a month, and these are dropped sixteen miles away at the mouth of the river by a passing schooner. At first this fasting seemed passing strange, but now we are anchorites by acclamation. Imagine if you can the glorious sensation of being disregarded of linen and unmindful of shirt-collars. Imagine if you can—and this I'll warrant me will reach the brim of your imagination if the cup run not over—good company, good wine, good 'baccy, good beds, lots of brand-new air, any amount of primeval wood, a quantity of water, and salmon rising as regularly as the beam of a Hudson steam-boat. We have flung conventionality to the winds and have openly insulted Mrs. Grundy. The rod levels all ranks low, and places the ducal strawberry by the "players buskin," the masonry of the "gentle craft" recognizing as the best man the lucky individual who lands the heaviest fish with the lightest tackle. Oh, it is a splendid life this, and one well worthy the living for. Such breakfasts as are eaten! such luncheons! such dinners! such stories from Mr. Sothern and Mr. Florence! such anecdotes of tooling cracks, and of runs with the Pythley and Quorn from the Duke of Beaufort! such tales of stalking the red deer from Sir John Rae Reid! Our artificers for coaxing the fish are as numerous as they are designing, and comprise everything from a needle to an anchor. The impudence of the seals annoys us considerably. These *gourmets* go for the best salmon, and, taking the choicest bit out of the back of the neck, leave the fish to be borne away to the ocean. We trap them, and the accompanying illustration will explain the *modus operandi*. When we fail to trap we shoot. Mr. Florence came to grief this morning. He had struck a very fine fish, and was playing with as much *verve* as if he were on the boards, when his split bamboo rod, warranted to stand the strain of a Fairlie locomotive, and for which he paid \$75, snapped like a stick of sealing-wax, and this unexpected release-

of strain threw Mr. F. from the centre of gravity, head over heels into the foaming rapids. He did not care a piastre for the wetting, but the treachery of the rod, in which he had placed so much reliance, caused him to utter full-flavored language of the most vivid character.

His Grace of Beaufort is an indefatigable fisherman, and he "wets a line" with the "flick" of a thoroughbred piscator. He, too, has been more than gaiter-deep in the river. My Lord Dundreary's attire resembles that of the time-honored old Izaak—a jerkin, baggy breeches, homespun stockings and shoes. He is waited upon by a melancholy Indian, cheaply majestic, the very counterpart of the Crushed Tragedian, or of George the Count Joannes. His lordship's felt hat is a veritable "hornet's nest," as it bristles with hooks of all sorts, shapes, sizes and dimensions. The chaff between Mr. Florence and Dundreary is as bright as a Jabluchoff candle, commencing at tub-time and ending only in the wee sma' hours. Our cook, a *chef*, if not a *ordon bleu*, is put to his wits' end to serve up salmon so as to cause it to taste like anything but salmon, and the entries of Saumon à la Beaufort, à la Dundreary, à la Florence, à la Rae Reid, succeed each other with startling rapidity, though each possesses a varying flavor with just the faintest suspicion of the presence of the lordly fish. What champagne flows in the veins while living this out-of-the-world life. The Duke laughs when he thinks of the starched old peers seated in the crimson morocco-seats in the House of Lords, deliberating upon some unsavory Bill sent up from the unruly Commons, or listening to the spasmodic grumblings of Lord Granville or Lord Derby. Sir John Rae Reid laughs when he thinks of his "pals" who are "swelling" the season, riding in the Row, on their knees to Sarah Bernhardt, or imagining themselves free as air in doing *petit diners* at the Star and Garter at Richmond. Sothern laughs when he thinks of Irving playing *Hamlet* in the morning and *Claude Melnotte* at night. Florence laughs as he exclaims, as *Bardwell Slope*, "We are having a h. o. t." or when he apostrophizes the luckless salmon which he has just admirably struck, by "Don't try any g. g. on me, o. m.;" and your correspondent laughs upon discovering that he has nothing particular to do, and that his unprepared faculties enable him to do "that sort of thing, you know, to perfection." A horrible rumor has reached me that we are about to communicate with the outer world, through the medium of an Indian runner, and so for one calendar month I shall say, *adieu*.

THE "LODGE FOR WAYFARERS" IN BOSTON.

THE benevolence of Boston is always practical. One of the most striking illustrations of this tendency is furnished in the charity known as the "Lodge for Wayfarers," located on Hawkins Street. This institution, while comparatively young, has established a reputation for genuine usefulness which entitles it to a high place among municipal charities. It occupies a large building, formerly used for school purposes, and which, as reconstructed, is provided with a large kitchen, dining-room, sitting-room, dormitories, etc. Lodgers are supplied with plain, well-cooked food, but in order that the self-respect of the most sensitive may not be wounded, all are required to work for what they receive. So far as possible the labor of the applicants is utilized in the direction of their peculiar qualifications. Every lodger is required to cut one-eighth of a cord of wood in payment for lodging and breakfast—the wood being sold under contract, and the expenses of the "Lodge" being thus in part reimbursed. Every lodger is furnished with a clean night-shirt on retiring, and absolute tidiness is at all times insisted upon by the management. The "Lodge" is managed directly by the city, Mr. Edward Riley being the efficient superintendent. From January 30th to June 4th of the present year, 6,286 lodgers were furnished beds and breakfast. The largest number entertained at one time was 100. On applying for lodgings at a police-station, a card is filled up showing the date, name, age, nativity, residence, occupation, etc., of the applicant, with the name of the officer in charge of the station, with the number of the bed to which the bearer is assigned, and with these credentials, the latter, presenting himself at the "Lodge," is received and properly cared for. The system is simple but complete, and is believed to afford an effectual guard against imposition on the part of the unprincipled.

Astrology.

THE following is a brief sketch of the outlines of astrology, its leading principles and mode of practice: The heavens above and below the horizon were divided by imaginary circles, drawn through its north and south points, into twelve equal parts, which were called the twelve houses of heaven. They were numbered in order from the division in the east immediately below the horizon which contained the part of the heavens about to rise in view. The lines of division were supposed to remain immovable, so that every part of the heavens passed through each house successively once in twenty-four hours. The term horoscope was given to the points of the elliptic about to rise. The first house was called the ascendant; it was the strongest, and also known as the house of life; the second was the house of riches; the third, of brethren; the fourth, of parents and relatives; the fifth, of children; the sixth, of health; the seventh, of marriage; the eighth, of death; the ninth, of religion; the tenth, of dignities; the eleventh, of friends; the twelfth, of foes. To each division one of the heavenly bodies was assigned as its lord, who was most powerful in his own house. The position of a planet in any house was its distance from the boundary circle, or *cusp*, of the house measured on the zodiac; and the part of the zodiac which chanced to be in each house was a point which especially demanded the attention of the astrologer in his consideration of the aspects of the various divisions. The relative position of the heavenly bodies in the different houses at any particular moment was called a theme, and to cast the nativity of any one was to form a plan of the heavens in the manner above indicated, at the moment of birth. The decline of astrology may be dated from the time of Copernicus, who revealed the cardinal fact that the earth is merely one planet, rolling with others around the sun.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A Zoological Station similar to that at Naples is about to be established at Messina.

The University Library at Strassburg has, according to the latest news, now reached the total of 470,000 volumes.

On June 3d the Dutch North Polar Expedition sailed from Amsterdam on board the *Willem Barends*. The ship is equipped with all necessaries for ten months.

In Order that Science may have a voice in the deliberation of British national affairs, Sir John Lubbock suggests that one of the vacant seats in Parliament be allotted to the Royal Society.

A Caravan from Abyssinia has arrived at Marseilles, being destined for the Acclimatization Garden of Paris. It is composed of 15 men, 4 women, 2 children, 32 camels, 4 oxen, 2 zebras, 4 elephants, 8 ostriches, asses, and horses from Dongola and Abyssinia.

A Japan Paper mentions a curious instance of Japanese thrift at Osaka. The paper made at the mill there is mostly manufactured from blue rags, and the water in which they are boiled has hitherto only poisoned the watercourses; henceforth it is to be saved and the indigo extracted from it.

The Municipal Council of Paris has adopted a proposal made by M. de Villiers, Chief Engineer of Ponts-et-Chaussées, for establishing at the Trocadero a stone which will be the zero point of leveling for Paris and the Seine Department. It is stated that the Minister of Public Works will order such a stone to be erected in the chief city of each department.

Probably the Oldest Teacher in existence is the venerable M. Chevreul. This eminent chemist, who is about ninety years of age, has been advertised as lecturer on chemistry in the Paris Museum. The first part of his lectures will be devoted to the subject of contrast in colors. M. Chevreul enjoys excellent health, and exhibits admirable bodily as well as mental activity.

Rich Deposits of Gold have been discovered in various parts of Nova Scotia, where its existence has hitherto been scarcely suspected. The most important discovery made has been near Bannockburn, in the township of Madoc, where a large nugget of gold of fine quality was recently found, and an extensive gold field is being opened out. Coal and iron are also plentiful in the province.

M. Cosson, of the Geographical Society of Paris, has endeavored to maintain that the Algerian Sea proposed by M. Roudaire would not improve the climate of the Sahara; that in case any alteration were possible it would be detrimental to the health of the inhabitants; that it would create dissatisfaction among the Tunisian and Algerian tribes and the Algerian colonists, and that it would have no effect in attracting to Algiers the trade of the Sudan.

What with its Museums and learned societies Berlin is fast becoming a highly favorable centre for the study of ethnology. Some time ago a tribe of Esquimaux attracted large crowds to their quarters in the Zoological Gardens. A family of Patagonians have been recently introduced by Professor Virchow to the Anthropological Society, while the latest phase of enterprise in this respect is nothing more nor less than the importation of half-a-dozen live Zulu Caffres.

At the Last Meeting of the Geological Society, Professor Prestwich announced that the next International Geological Congress will be held at Bologna in September, 1881, and that the President of the Committee, Professor Capellini, had written requesting co-operation on the part of the Geological Society and its Fellows. Among the matters which would be brought forward at this Congress would be the unification of geological nomenclature and the symbols used in geological mapping.

An Interesting Ceremony has just taken place at Paris. The pupils of the Ecole Centrale, which was founded at Paris in 1829, by MM. Dumas, Lavallé, Perdonnet, and a number of engineers for promoting education in practical science, has celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of that event. The new institution was so prosperous that a few years ago it was purchased by the Government and made a public institution. It may be said without any exaggeration that the pupils of the Ecole Centrale have been employed in the construction of almost every railway in France and perhaps on the Continent.

The Success of the Jabluchoff Lights at the Palais de l'Industrie is nightly increasing. The number of visitors exceeds 6,000 nightly, exclusive of press men, artists, and bearers of free tickets. The salons are rather more crowded than in daylight. No extinction at all has been noticed since the first night. The change of candles is effected by keys worked from the engine-house, and takes less than a second for each series of lamps. Several places of public entertainment in Paris are adopting the Jabluchoff light, principally to avoid the heat which results from burning gas, and is so obnoxious in Summer time.

The Arrangements for the annual meetings of the principal foreign associations are announced. The German Anthropological Society holds its yearly meeting at Strassburg on August 11th, 12th and 13th, and the fifty-second meeting of the German Association of Naturalists and Physicians will be held at Baden-Baden from September 18th to 24th. The French Association for the Advancement of Science will hold its eighth session at Montpellier, commencing on August 28th. The president is M. Bardoux, late Minister of Public Instruction. The American Association meets this year at Saratoga, on August 27th, the president being Mr. George F. Barker, of Philadelphia.

The Clothworkers' Company have voted £3,500, over and above £10,000 previously voted, to cover the complete cost of the site, building, furnishing, and fitting with all necessary appliances, of the textile industries and dyeing instruction departments of the Yorkshire College, Leeds, and they have further agreed to maintain the building and its operations in full effect without extraneous or adventitious aid, for a period of five years from January 1st next, at a cost of £1,200 per annum. This increased annual subvention has been necessitated by the addition of instruction in dyeing and applied chemistry connected with the finishing of textile fabrics. The new buildings will be completed about October next.

Hormuzd Rassam has completed his second Assyrian expedition. He explored the mound of Nebi Yunus, the prophet Jonah, and discovered remains of palaces erected by Eadardaddon and Sennacherib. His labors on the mounds of Nineveh resulted in the recovery of a large number of inscriptions of extreme interest. Passing southward, he visited Nimroud and its Temple of Venus. The explorations in Assyria have discovered many valuable monuments. Mr. Rassam extended his operations into fields untouched since the time of Layard's expedition, and he was able to carry out a series of explorations on the mounds of ancient Babylon. Here his discoveries were most brilliant. In a mound hitherto untouched he discovered a palace of Nebuchadnezzar's, with rich enameled columns, beams of Indian wood, and every indication of having been a most splendid edifice. His excavations in the mound of the Birs Nimroud, the site of the supposed Tower of Babel, have proved that the destruction of this great edifice was due, not to lightning or hostile attack, but to a volcanic eruption.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

PRINCE LEOPOLD has become President of the London Musical Society.

ALREADY more than £1,000 have been contributed to the Butt Testimonial Fund in Dublin.

THE Rev. Dr. Mathews, of New York, has received a call to the Chalmers Church in Quebec.

HERR VON GESSLER has been appointed to succeed Dr. Falk as Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs.

RUTGERS COLLEGE has conferred upon Mr. Edison the honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

BARON LIONEL ROTHSCHILD bequeathed to George Fordham, his jockey, \$10,000, and an annuity of \$1,500.

THE venerable George Bancroft has sufficiently recovered his health to be enabled to resume his great literary labors.

PROFESSOR SWIFT is to receive two gold medals from the Austrian Academy of Sciences for his discoveries of comets.

THE statue of Victor Emmanuel, to be erected in Turin, will rest on a pedestal of four Doric pillars, with symbolic figures.

PRINCE CHARLES, of Roumania, being childless, intends to adopt the second son of his eldest brother, the hereditary Prince of Hohenzollern.

CONVICTS are inclosing Senator Hill's forty-thousand-acre sheep ranch in Georgia with a stone wall. Seven miles of the wall are now finished.

HENRY VARLEY, the evangelist, has returned to England after two years' successful labors in Australia, and will spend the Summer preaching in London.

DESPITE threats of assassination, the King of the Belgians has signed the law on the reform of primary education, which will be promulgated shortly.

MAJOR SERPA PINTO, the Portuguese Stanley, is reported as strong and muscular, although of light limb and frame, and of a genial disposition, not easily overcome by difficulties.

BISHOP HENDRICKEN (Roman Catholic) of Rhode Island, in order to raise funds for the new cathedral at Baltimore, is arranging a grand diocesan picnic, to include all the Roman Catholic societies in that State.

LEWIS B. MONROE, Dean of the School of Oratory of the Boston University, died at Dublin, N. H., June 13th, after a short illness. He was about fifty years old, and was the best known teacher of elocution in Massachusetts.

THE cost of transporting Lord Lorne and Princess Louise from England to Canada—\$10,000—is a bill that no one seems willing to father. The Home Colonial Office refused to pay it, and the Canadian Treasurer has also repudiated the bill.

A CASE of love at first sight is reported from Alaska. A sergeant of the Marine Corps is about to lead to the altar the daughter of the Indian chief, Sitka Jack. The bride having paddled alongside the *Alaska* with her little canoe loaded with fish, the gallant sergeant was immediately smitten and fascinated.

IN the list of the new "Chevaliers of Honor," published in Paris, are the names of two Americans—William A. Cole and Dr. Warren Bey. The latter, before entering the service of the Khédive, became well known by his expert testimony in the famous Wharton poisoning case in Baltimore, a few years ago.

DR. ARVID AHNFELT, a well-known Swedish bibliographer, has completed a biographical and critical memoir of Leonhard Fredrik RÅF, the antiquary, who died in 1872, in his eighty-sixth year. The volume contains a great deal of new matter regarding Swedish literature in the first half of the present century.

THE Prince of Wales stood sponsor to Captain and Mrs. Arthur Paget's baby when it was christened at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Place, two weeks ago. Mrs. Paget was formerly Miss Minnie Stevens, of New York, daughter of Mrs. Paron Stevens. This is the first child of American-born parentage who has had the honor of having an heir to a crown as a godfather.

GEORGIA has a Hicks-Lord case in the marriage of Dr. James S. Sims, a man of seventy-five, worth some \$25,000, to Mrs. Adkins, a widow of forty, worth \$15,000. Relatives tried to prevent the marriage, and the doctor's son, Mississippi's Lieutenant-Governor, got his father declared a lunatic. A judge, however, set the judgment aside, and the old couple eluded the young folks and were married before they knew it.

MISS MARY H. PACKER is the late Judge Packer's youngest daughter. She is a most devout Episcopalian, and has done much in the way of charity. As she is now the richest woman in this country, with the exception of Mrs. A. T. Stewart, the public will no doubt hear more frequently of her deeds of kindness. She is known as a very thorough business woman, and the fact that her father, in the disposition of his great estate, put her on a level with her brothers, is a high compliment to her business sagacity.

COLONEL BEE, the Chinese Consul in San Francisco, explains the increased arrivals of Chinese at that port on the ground that the belief in China is that the Bill restricting emigration from that country to the United States had actually become a law, and that subsequent to the 4th of July only fifteen persons would be allowed to take passage on one steamer. The Chinese, having learned that the measure had passed both Houses of Congress, concluded that the question was settled, and hastened to start for the golden shore while there was yet an opportunity.

THE death record of the past week includes the names of Lewis B. Monroe, Dean of the School of Oratory of the Boston University, July 14th; Thomas M. Dale, one of the pioneer silk manufacturers of Paterson, 17th; General Peter Lyle, of Philadelphia, 17th; Colonel Alexander MacW. Cumming, of Princeton, 17th; Civil Engineer Franklin A. Stratton, U. S. N., 17th, at Philadelphia; the Rev. William C. Mearns, D.D., LL.D., Rector of St. Paul's Church, New York, Conn., 17th; General Wm. F. Barry, in command of Fort McHenry, 18th; M. Favre, contractor of the St. Gotthard tunnel, 19th; and Henry D. Palmer, the theatrical manager, 19th, in London.

AN evidence of the advance of civilization in India will be found in the fact that a widow marriage was celebrated on May 5th, in Girgaum, under the auspices of the Widow Marriage Association. The bridegroom, Mr. Dinkur Punt, is the head master of the Bolgaum Girls' School, and is a Chitpavan by caste. He is about thirty-six years of age. The bride, Sakho Bai, who is only eighteen years of age, is a Deshabhi by caste, and she lost her first husband when she was quite young. There was a goodly number of educated natives present at the wedding, and everything passed off quietly and well. It will interest our readers to know that this is the twenty-second widow marriage on this side of India, the first having taken place in June, 1869. It is scarcely possible that widows will hereafter be burned with the dead bodies of their husbands.

Mlle. SARAH BERNHARDT.

Mlle. SARAH BERNHARDT, who has been playing in London with the company of the Comédie Française of Paris, is a Jewess; her mother was Dutch, her father was a Frenchman. She was a pupil of Messrs. Provost and Sanson, professors of elocution. In 1862 she made her *début* at the Comédie Française in Racine's "Iphigénie," and the "Valérie" of Scribe. She was not successful then, and played at the Gymnase and the Porte St. Martin in burlesque parts. In January, 1867, she returned to high art at the Odéon, playing several minor parts with much applause, till she achieved a notable success in that of *Marie de Neubourg*, in "Ruy Blas." She was thereupon recalled to the Comédie Française, and first showed her higher powers in "Andromaque" and "Junie"; but it was in *Berthe de Savigny*, in the play of "Le Sphinx," performed in March, 1874, that she won the greatest applause. Her magnificent rendering of *Zaire* and *Phédre* have been most generally admired. Mlle. Bernhardt has remarkable versatility of talents, being a tolerable sculptor, painter, musician, and literary writer. She is of an enterprising disposition, served as an ambulance nurse with the French Army during the siege of Paris, and has made several balloon ascents, of which she wrote an account. Her genius is beyond dispute and partakes of many eccentric illustrations. It is doubtful if any actor or actress has ever furnished so much rich food for the public palate as she; and while the press of Europe and America have been overflowing with narratives of her life, habits and manners, she has almost daily added to the list of her surprising abilities.

While all London was growing wild over her performances on the stage, in her studio, and in the social parlor, she created a new sensation about the first of July by handing in her resignation as a Sociétaire of the Comédie Française. This action is said to have been prompted by the cabal organized against her in Paris during her absence. The *Figaro* published an article in which all her peculiarities were held up in an unenviable light, and many strange freaks were ascribed to her. In a lengthy telegram she denied all the points raised, and expressed sorrow at the treatment she had received. It is believed that the real cause of her resignation is her desire to travel independently of the Theatre Française, which has a first claim upon her during the time she remains a Sociétaire. It has been definitely announced that she proposes to make a professional tour of the United States; but she must "put off the old love before she goes on with the new." It is not unlikely, therefore, she has been seeking a cause for withdrawing from the company ever since her brilliant reception in London, as she is sure, by independent performances, to double her present income many times.

PROGRESS OF RAPID TRANSIT
TOWARDS HIGH BRIDGE.

FROM present indications it is likely that our citizens will be able to reach High Bridge—One Hundred and Seventy-fifth Street—by elevated railroad during the coming Fall. The general instructions given to contractors are to spare no time, trouble nor expense in pushing the work; at the same time it is expected that the road will be built in such a thorough manner as to last for ages. The first train to Eighty-first Street and Ninth Avenue, on the Metropolitan "L" was dispatched on June 9th, and made the distance from Rector



Mlle. SARAH BERNHARDT, EX-SOCIÉTAIRE OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

Street in twenty-eight minutes. This station is near the American Museum of Natural History, and the trains on the first running day bore hundreds of citizens to the Spring reception of this admirable institution. A smooth and easy run of half an hour brings the visitor to One Hundred and Fourth Street. Here he finds a station rapidly nearing completion. The road structure at this point is very low, perhaps the lowest on the entire line. A few

blocks above is Lion Brewery, and from this point the road, at One Hundred and Tenth Street, curves into Eighth Avenue. The sharp descent down One Hundred and Tenth Street has compelled the company to raise great brick and stone piers over the foundation bases, and the columns when placed on top of these piers will form quite a novel feature in "L" railroad building. As the road passes from One Hundred and Tenth Street into Eighth Avenue,

and continues along that avenue over the horse-car tracks, the structure becomes higher and higher till it makes one almost giddy to look up to it.

The foundations, from One Hundred and Fourth Street and Ninth Avenue to One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street and Eighth Avenue (Harlem River), are all either completed or fairly under way. On Eighth Avenue the digging has been comparatively easy as far as One Hundred and Forty-fifth Street, owing to the sandy character of the soil, and many of the excavations are only seven feet deep. But from One Hundred and Forty-fifth to One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street the obstacles encountered have made the work extremely cumbersome. It was considered necessary to unearth all the great boulders of rocks that had been sunk to fill up the marsh, and remove them, and, as water was frequently met with, to drive in piles, sometimes to the depth of forty and fifty feet below the surface of the avenue. The piles are of yellow spruce timber, which, while resting under water, is absolutely secure from rot or decay, and after the piles are filled in with concrete the brick piers and foundations are erected in the most solid manner and exactly like those on Second Avenue.

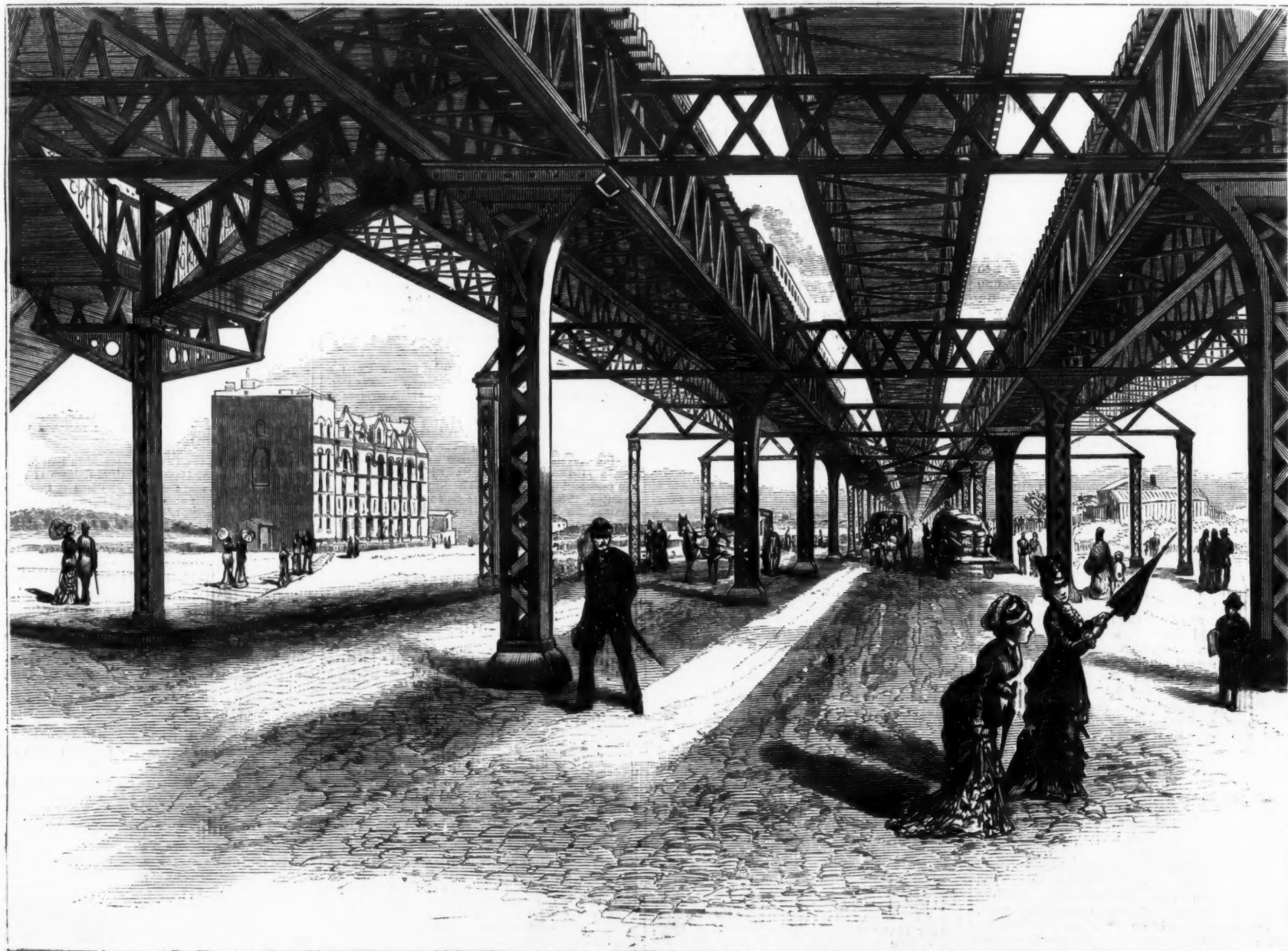
It is believed that the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street station will be opened for travel by August 1st, and during the same month the road is also to be in operation as far as One Hundred and Forty-fifth Street. The soundings are now being taken from One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street to High Bridge (One Hundred and Seventy-fifth Street), where the road continues along the marshy westerly bank of the Harlem, and where most of the structure will also have to be raised on piles, thus adding immensely to the difficulty and expense of the work.

The structure on the portion of Eighth Avenue above One Hundred and Tenth Street, where the iron is already erected, is quite different from any that has yet been seen in the city—quite apart from its extraordinary height, which, in some places, exceeds sixty feet. To brace the lofty iron columns, longitudinal and lateral cross-girders of great strength and elaborate workmanship have been placed midway, both as to the height and width, and the highly wrought ironwork, when it is painted, will make the structure look like some artistic piece of bridge-architecture, conceived as much with a view to beauty as to solid use.

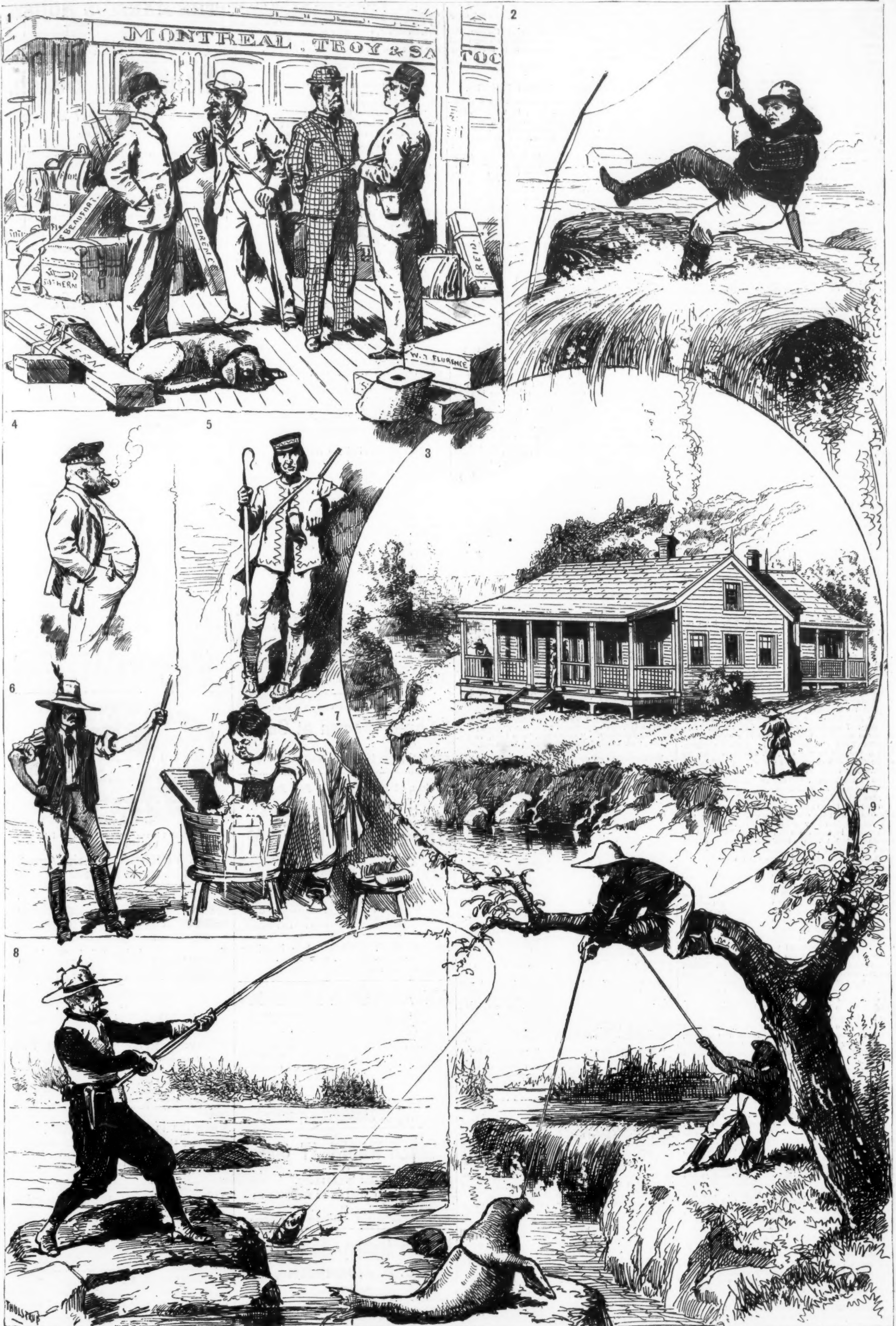
There have been many interviews of late with knowing ones concerning the extension of the hours for five-cent fares on all the elevated lines, and the possible abolition of the ten-cent rate entirely. Assertions and denials have been freely made that the officers had ordered a reduction, but at the present writing the public is in ignorance of the exact state of affairs, loud as the clamor is for cheaper rates. Quite an army of men is employed on the east and west side roads, and there seems to be no hitch in their work.

BISMARCK AS AN ORATOR.

THE Berlin *Tagblatt* furnishes the following sketch of the German Chancellor delivering his great speech in the Reichstag on the Customs tariffs: "Hush! Bismarck is speaking!" With these words you are ushered into the Reichstag. And it is so. Before even hearing a word you can tell by the aspect of the Chamber that it is the Chancellor who is speaking. With their bodies stretched out, and ears wide open, everybody leans forward to listen. The pencils of the short-hand writers fly over the paper with the rapidity of lightning, and you



NEW YORK CITY.—PROGRESS OF RAPID TRANSIT TOWARDS HIGH BRIDGE—THE NEW STATION OF THE METROPOLITAN "L" ROAD ON NINTH AVENUE, AT EIGHTY-FIRST STREET, LOOKING SOUTH.



1. The Start. 2. Mr. Florence breaks his Bamboo Rod. 3. The Home of the Party on the Natastiquan River. 4. The Captain. 5. An Indian Gaffer. 6. An Indian Canoe-man. 7. Miss Rooney, the Camp Washerwoman.

8. Mr. Sothern fishing for Salmon. 9. Our Artist catching a Seal.

THE FISHING EXPERIENCES OF SOTHERN AND FLORENCE IN LABRADOR.—FROM SKETCHES BY A. MANNING.—SEE PAGE 367.

hold your breath involuntarily that you may hear better. From below is heard a feeble voice—one of those voices which, by its nervous tone, suggests excess of intellectual work. The words come by jerks, each sentence being laboriously formed. The orator is sometimes hurried, sometimes hesitating in his speech. He recalls each sentence, twists it, and turns it about until he has eliminated all the points which an adversary might attack. It is then only that he abandons it to the House. In listening to him you experience a strange excitement, for while this strong man continues his speech you are momentarily feeling that he will suddenly stop short in the middle of his discourse. Not that ideas are likely to be wanting, but one fears lest the weakly voice which issues so laboriously from the Chancellor's robust frame may fall in the midst of a peroration without the possibility in the hurry of picking up the broken threads. The Chancellor himself looks ill at ease while speaking, his thin white hands fidgeting now with one, now with another button of his modest dark blue cuirassier's uniform. Then they catch feverishly at the long pencils so much talked about; seek refuge on the table; and at last rest on the glass of water which stands on the tribune. You might fancy that it was only this resting-place that was wanting, for presently his speech grows firmer, more severe; words flow from his lips with greater clearness; his thick eyebrows are lowered still more upon the gray eyes which seem to penetrate the ranks of the Deputies. It is now evident that the orator is approaching the end of his speech; the sentences become shorter and more vigorous. And then the Chancellor draws himself up to his full height; the voice, so weak at first, gains a clear hard ring, and he throws his last sentence like a bomb into the midst of the Chamber, resuming his seat amid the loud applause of his friends.

OUR SUMMER RESORTS.

SHARK-FISHING OFF THE COAST OF NANTUCKET.

FEW places within easy reach of Summer tourists have undergone so great a transformation as the island of Nantucket. In one respect it has long been in a state of decay; in another it is rapidly rising in popular esteem. The whale-fishing on this continent had its origin, and for many years was exclusively pursued, there. Fifty years ago there were over a hundred vessels engaged in this business and in the coasting trade which was consequent and dependent upon it. Its ships and its sailors visited every part of the globe in pursuit of their gigantic prey, and the name of Nantucket became a familiar sound wherever winds blew and waters rolled. Her prosperity was due to commerce exclusively, and to one particular branch of commerce. To borrow a homely phrase, "All its eggs were in one basket," and when the bottom of this basket dropped out its fortune and its occupation were gone.

While the island has fallen into decay with respect to the whale-fishing, it has of late been reviving under the influence of Summer tourists, attracted to the locality in the first instance by the luxuries of Martha's Vineyard. It is easy to extend one's journey, when it is once begun, from one island to the other. The two or three hours of sea-voyage which separate them become attractive in fine weather and in a comfortable boat. Of the crowds that visit Martha's Vineyard, many are tempted by curiosity or restlessness to prolong their excursion to Nantucket. This last is consequently fast assuming the character and aspects of a watering-place, and several excellent hotels and comfortable boarding-houses are ready to give the wanderer a hospitable welcome.

The first aspect of Nantucket as you see it from the deck of the steamer is fine and imposing. Two or three church-spires, standing in a commanding position, form with the other buildings a combination agreeable to the eye. A few rods from the shore there is a steep bluff some forty or fifty feet high, along which is a continuous row of houses, while in like manner the low ground at the bottom is thickly covered with dwellings, so that there is a foreground and a background to the landscape.

When you land in the town and look about, you are struck with the compactness of the place and the limited territory which the houses occupy. Nantucket is really a town of four thousand inhabitants, but it has the look of a section of a large town or even city. The houses most remote from each other are not much more than a mile apart. Main Street, the principal business street, looks like a street in Boston, with its many shops and its continuous blocks of buildings. This street, and Orange Street—which runs at right angles with it—are paved. It is one of the noteworthy facts of both Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket that the few names of the first settlers are extensively perpetuated; while by intermarriage the inhabitants are bound in a network of relationship. About 1806, after nearly two hundred years, thirty-two names made three-fourths of the population—Luce, Norton, Mayhew, Smith, Allen, Pease, Tilton, Butler, Dagget, Dunham and Coffin being chief. Thomas Mayhew, of Watertown, received the grant of the islands, Martha's Vineyard and the adjacent ones, with the right and title of Governor, wholly independent of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, in 1642. The spot where he was buried—though no stone marks it—is in the yard, just between Water Street in Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, and the harbor, almost under the windows of the old mansion, yet occupied by a Mayhew, which stands on the site of his house.

Nantucket Island is about one hundred miles south-southeast of Boston, and thirty miles from Hyannis, the terminus of the Cape Cod Railroad, is crescent-shaped and about fourteen miles long by three and a half broad.

There are now abundant facilities for surf-bathing and fishing, and few travelers would visit the island without indulging in the exciting sport of shark-fishing. While fine specimens of the white shark and the man-eater are occasionally encountered, the principal species is that known as the dogfish, averaging from four to eight feet in length. Cat-boats and ordinary rowing-boats are used in the exercise, and it is always well for a party to engage the services of an expert skipper. The line is a stout rope to which some nine feet of chain bearing a huge hook is attached. The hook is baited with meat. Reaching the desired locality, the anchor is cast and the line thrown out. When a bite is had all hands but the skipper haul in until the head of the shark appears above the water at the side or stern of the boat. Then the skipper, watching his opportunity, strikes the shark on the head with a heavy club, generally killing it with the first blow. The larger sharks are towed ashore, where considerable oil is obtained from them.

Another exciting sport is to "lay" for one of the numerous small whales that frequent the harbor, plunge a harpoon into its body, make the line fast to the boat, and allow yourself to be propelled about the harbor in all directions by the captive, who seeks in his rapid movements not to please you with an exhilarating sail, but to free himself from

the fatal barb. When the whale becomes exhausted you can either cut loose, or hold the body in tow, and row back to the shore.

Under the potent sovereignty of fashion, the advancing prosperity of this charming island will be made apparent by illustrations in succeeding issues of this newspaper.

THE READING SUMMER ROUTES.

AMONG the very numerous and enticing Summer excursion route-books put forth by the important railroad lines none offers a more varied and attractive list than that of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad. Its accurate illustrations of important towns and cities are a unique and especially valuable feature; while in all the details of paper, printing and handsomely ornamented cover, the work is really artistic. No State in the Union surpasses Pennsylvania in its natural attractions and its inducements to health and pleasure-seekers, and no road penetrates more of the choicest and most interesting localities than the Philadelphia and Reading. By its recent acquisition of the North Pennsylvania and the Bound Brook railroads the sphere of the Reading becomes immensely enlarged, and it enters at once into competition with the most favored roads for its share of the passenger and pleasure traffic from the great cities of the Atlantic Coast. The valleys of the Delaware, the Schuylkill, Lehigh, Perkiomen and Susquehanna, all romantic and historic—the coal and iron regions of Pennsylvania in all their vast extent—hundreds of quiet, retired resorts for families—of health-giving springs for invalids—of forests and streams for sportsmen—are reached directly by the Reading system; while in close connection with it are direct lines to all the important Summer resorts, from the valley of the Ohio to the shore of the Atlantic. To people of moderate means, the Reading route-book offers inducements which should not be overlooked. From its proximity to the principal towns and cities of the mining region, the Reading is able to offer its tickets at a very low price, thus putting a delightful Summer excursion within the reach of limited purses. For instance, from Philadelphia to Wilkes-Barre and return, the trip may be made for \$6.50, or by way of Williamsport for \$9.30; to Pottsville, Frackville and through the Mahanoy Valley, for \$1.40; or, including Mount Carmel, Tamaqua, and Williamsport, for \$2.35; to Shamokin, Williamsport, via the Catawissa route, and return by the wonderful Glen Onoko and the "Switchback" Railroad for \$11.65, and many others equally cheap, interesting and instructive. From Philadelphia to all the favorite and popular watering-places the Reading answers all the demands of the most exacting traveler. Roadbed, route, equipments and operating details are all in the hands of an able and experienced force, whose standard of excellence is simply perfection, and no pains or expense are spared to lead in every improvement and advantage worth having. The new route between Philadelphia and New York, with its quick time and sure connections, is rapidly gaining favor among business men, and under the new management the Reading will be more popular than ever. The Reading Summer-book, of which we began to write, may be obtained of all agents of the company at important points, or by addressing Mr. C. G. Hancock, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Philadelphia.

FUN.

UPON the adjournment of Congress, Aleck Stephens, it is said, crawled into an envelope and franked himself home.

A DAMSEL applied for a place behind a counter. "What clerical experience have you?" asked the man of drygoods. "Very little," she said, with a blush, "for I only joined the church last week."

MISTRESS (to new cook): "Now, Sarah, remember if you are strictly honest and economical in your marketing I will give you a few shillings extra per month." New Cook: "Thank you, ma'am; I will think it over, and let you know in the evening."

A LOWELL lady, sending a basket to her daughter in Boston by express, was so solicitous that it should go through expeditiously that she inclosed a note in the basket requesting her daughter to leave an order for the expressman to meet the basket at the depot. Fact!

A CLEVER Tuscaroran was tried at Elko, Nev., for cattle stealing. The jury acquitted him without leaving the box. Upon his return home a friend inquired as to the result of the trial. "No cause of action," said the party; "I merely killed the ox in self-defense, and ate him for spite, and, of course, I was acquitted by the intelligent jury."

In a recent trip of one of the steamers running to San Francisco, there was, at dinner, bread served which tasted strongly of coal oil. The captain afterwards asked the baker if he did not know that kerosene had got into the flour. He admitted that he did. "Why didn't you feed the flour to the chickens, then?" was asked. "Oh," he replied, "I was afraid it would kill 'em."

THE small boy of a clergyman in Portland was detected by his mother in the act of "ornamenting" with a jack-knife a costly inlaid table by a deeply-cut carving of his ideal steamboat. A day or two after the lady saw him from the door looking with admiring eyes at his partially completed work, and heard him sigh. "By George! I wish I had got the smokestack on before she licked me!"

"BOYS, I've never made a bet in my life; but I'll do so now," said Uncle Zeke at the Forks tavern. "Hooray! I thought he'd come to it," shouted the latest lounge in the place. "Now, what is it? I'll bet with you." "Well, it's this: Peer may be able to jump from the suspension bridge into the Niagara River, but I'll bet a pair of shoes he can't jump from the river onto the suspension bridge."

DURING a recent trial in New London a rural juror appealed to the Court to know "if the lawyers could not be stopped from bothering the jury." He had become bewildered in the maze of technicalities and subtleties with which the lawyers had apparently mystified the case, and he cried in anguish of spirit, "Then lawyers come here on purpose to bother and confuse us jurors, don't they, judge?" "I suppose they do, my friend," wearily answered his honor.

A GLASGOW minister was recently called in to see a man who was very ill. After finishing his visit, as he was leaving the house, he said to the man's wife: "My good woman, do you not go to any church at all?" "Oh, yes, sir, we go to the barony Kirk." "Then why in the world did you send for me? Why didn't you send for Dr. Macleod?" "Na, na, doed no, we wadna risk him. Do ye ken it's a dangerous case of typhus."

A YOUNG lady was sitting with a gallant captain in a charmingly-decorated recess. On her knee, was a diminutive niece, placed there pour les convenances. In the adjoining room, with the door open, were the rest of the company. Says the little niece, in a jealous and very audible voice, "Auntie, kiss me, too." I leave you to imagine what had just happened. "You should say twice, Ethel dear; two is not grammar," was the immediate rejoinder. Clever girl, that!

A COLLEGE professor once said that "he who expects to rate high in his class must not expectorate on the floor." Much of the hawking and spitting was, no doubt, caused by catarrh, which the professor knew could be readily cured by the use of a few bottles of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

FRAGRANCE the most lasting!
FRAGRANCE the most delicate!
FRAGRANCE the most exquisite!
FRAGRANCE the most refreshing!

Are all combined in MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER—the only recognized perfume of fashion.

ASTHMA.—Thousands of the worst cases of Asthma have been relieved by JONAS WHITCOMB'S REMEDY. In no case of purely asthmatic character has it failed to give relief.

CINCINNATI, January 31, 1878.

Messrs. JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Boston:

Gentlemen—I am happy to be able to recommend to those suffering from the distress of Asthma your valuable relief, JONAS WHITCOMB'S ASTHMA REMEDY. So far as I have used it my statement concurs with others with whom I am familiar, as to the most favorable results derived from its use.

J. N. DEAN,
Student at Cincinnati Law College.

HOP BITTERS cures by removing the cause of sickness and restoring vitality.

THE suffrages of travelers, if honestly taken, would rank the St. Nicholas Hotel in New York as inferior to none in the world for superb luxury of table, apartments, and general conveniences and accommodations. It is so well known, in fact, that any description would be almost like "gilding refined gold or painting the lily."

DIVIDEND No. 3.

LITTLE PITTSBURG CONSOLIDATED MINING CO.,
113 & 115 Broadway,
New York, July 17th, 1879.)

The Board of Directors have this day declared a dividend of \$100,000 (one hundred thousand dollars), being fifty cents per share (par value \$100) on the capital stock of the Company out of the net earnings for the month of July, 1879, payable at the office of the Company on and after August 7th. Transfer books will close July 30th, and reopen on the 11th of August.

GEORGE C. LYMAN, Secretary.

Don't use stimulants, but nature's real brain and nerve food—Hop Bitters.

To Parents and Guardians—\$300 Bonus.—A clerkship in an established Banker's and Stock Broker's Office, to learn the business. Salary \$5 a week, guaranteed. Box 977, P. O. N. Y.

DELIGHTFUL SUMMER READING.

A. L. Noble's Brilliant Novel.

"Three Women at Odds,"

FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever!

Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's
ORIENTAL CREAM,

Or Magical Beautifier, removes every blemish on beauty; it elicits a clear, transparent complexion, free from tan, freckles, or moth-patches. The most popular for the skin ever invented; accept no cream of similar name. Indorsement of GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM by the distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre: "A lady of the Académie, a patient of Dr. Sayre, desiring on the use of cosmetics, he remarked to the lady: 'As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Oriental' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations.'" "Praise from Sir Hubert is praise indeed." Indorsed by the fashionable world.

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48 Bond Street, New York.

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ANGOSTURA BITTERS

An excellent appetizing tonic, of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole civilized world, cures dyspepsia, diarrhoea, fever and ague, colics, and all disorders of the digestive organs.

Try it, but beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SIEBERT & SONS.

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BY
A. L. NOBLE,
A NEW AND BRILLIANT NOVEL,

IN
Frank Leslie's Chimney Corner.

English Archery—Lawn Tennis

C. F. A. HINRICHS,
New York.

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THE MANSION HOUSE,

Long Branch.

(Next to the Great Wrought Iron Pier), OPEN JUNE 10TH.

McINTYRE, BARRETT & CO.

H. C. BARRETT, of Hotel Brighton, New York.

Manhattan Beach.

GILMORE'S BAND AND LEVY AFTERNOON
AND EVENING.

Trains leave foot East 23d St. (crossing the river via steamer Sylvan Grove) 8:45, 9:45, 10:45, 11:15 A.M., and half-hourly thereafter to 8:45 P.M.
Returning trains leave Manhattan Beach half-hourly for New York via Greenpoint to 10:35 P.M.
Elevated Railroads run to South Ferry, connecting with steamer D. R. Martin hourly from 9:25 A.M. to 8:25 P.M., via Bay Ridge.
Steamers Thomas Collier and Twilight leave North River landings—From 23d St., 9:10, 10:25 A.M.; then hourly to 8:25 P.M. Leroy St., 9:35 A.M., and hourly to 6:35 P.M. Pier 8, 9:55 A.M., and hourly to 6:55 P.M.
Returning trains leave Manhattan Beach for New York via Bay Ridge half-hourly to 10:25 P.M.

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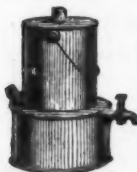
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